





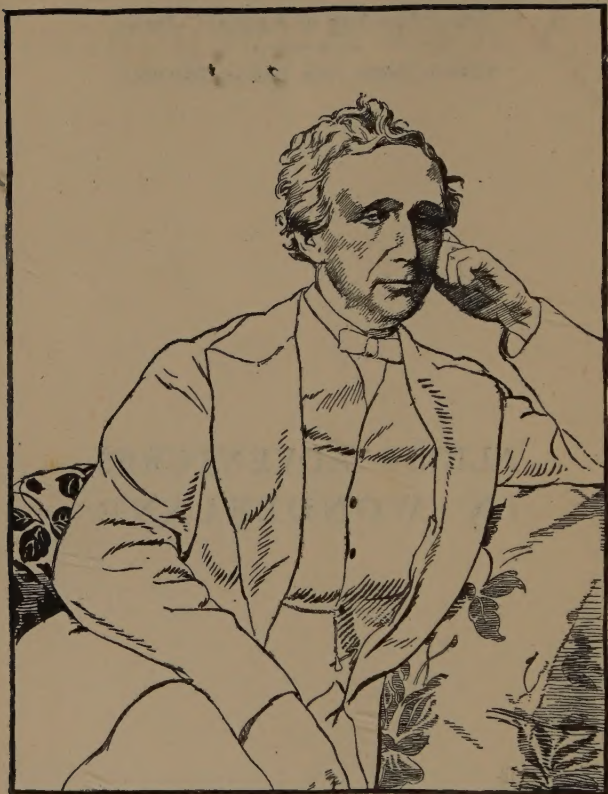




401  
*The "Teaching of English" Series*

*General Editor*—SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

ALICE'S ADVENTURES  
IN WONDERLAND



LEWIS CARROLL

*From a pen-drawing by  
E. Heber Thompson*

# Alice's Adventures in Wonderland

with

## BRUNO'S REVENGE

By

LEWIS CARROLL

With Illustrations

*"In friendly chat with bird or beast"*

THOMAS NELSON & SONS, LTD.  
LONDON, EDINBURGH, AND NEW YORK

*First Edition published May 1925.*

*Reprinted November 1925 ; May 1927 ; January 1928 ;  
November 1929.*

All in the golden afternoon  
Full leisurely we glide ;  
For both our oars, with little skill,  
By little arms are plied,  
While little hands make vain pretence  
Our wanderings to guide.

Ah, cruel Three ! In such an hour,  
Beneath such dreamy weather,  
To beg a tale of breath too weak  
To stir the tiniest feather !  
Yet what can one poor voice avail  
Against three tongues together ?

Imperious Prima flashes forth  
Her edict " to begin it "—  
In gentler tone Secunda hopes  
" There will be nonsense in it ! "—  
While Tertia interrupts the tale  
Not *more* than once a minute.

Anon, to sudden silence won,  
In fancy they pursue  
The dream-child moving through a land  
Of wonders wild and new,  
In friendly chat with bird or beast—  
And half believe it true.

And ever, as the story drained  
The wells of fancy dry,  
And faintly strove that weary one  
To put the subject by,  
" The rest next time—" " It is next time ! "  
The happy voices cry.

Thus grew the tale of Wonderland ;  
Thus slowly, one by one,  
Its quaint events were hammered out :  
And now the tale is done,  
And home we steer, a merry crew,  
Beneath the setting sun.

Alice ! a childish story take,  
And with a gentle hand  
Lay it where Childhood's dreams are twined  
In Memory's mystic band,  
Like pilgrim's withered wreath of flowers  
Plucked in a far-off land.

# CONTENTS

## ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND—

I. Down the Rabbit-Hole . . . . .	9
II. The Pool of Tears . . . . .	17
III. A Caucus-Race and a Long Tale . . . . .	25
IV. The Rabbit sends in a Little Bill . . . . .	32
V. Advice from a Caterpillar . . . . .	43
VI. Pig and Pepper . . . . .	52
VII. A Mad Tea-Party . . . . .	63
VIII. The Queen's Croquet-Ground . . . . .	73
IX. The Mock Turtle's Story . . . . .	83
X. The Lobster Quadrille . . . . .	94
XI. Who Stole the Tarts? . . . . .	104
XII. Alice's Evidence . . . . .	112
ON THINKING IT OVER . . . . .	123
BRUNO'S REVENGE. . . . .	135
THE WRITER OF THE STORIES . . . . .	155



# ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND

## CHAPTER I

### DOWN THE RABBIT-HOLE

ALICE was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do. Once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it ; "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations ? "

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid) whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that ; nor



did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! oh dear! I shall be too late!" (When she thought it over afterwards, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural.) But when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of its waistcoat-pocket*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat-pocket or a watch to take out of it; and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit-hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit-hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down—so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to; but it was too dark to see anything. Then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and bookshelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labelled "ORANGE MARMALADE," but to her great disappointment it was empty. She did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well," thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs!

How brave they'll all think me at home ! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house ! " (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end ? " I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time ! " she said aloud. " I must be getting somewhere near the centre of the earth. Let me see : that would be four thousand miles down, I think." (For, you see, Alice had learnt several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom ; and though this was not a *very* good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over.) " Yes, that's about the right distance ; but then I wonder what Latitude or Longitude I've got to." (Alice had not the slightest idea what Latitude was, or Longitude either, but she thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. " I wonder if I shall fall right *through* the earth ! How funny it'll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards ! The Antipathies, I think." (She was rather glad there *was* no one listening this time, as it didn't sound at all the right word.) " But I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. " Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand or Australia ? " (and she tried to curtsy as she spoke : fancy *curtsying* as you're falling through the air ! Do you think you could manage it ?) " And what an ignorant little girl she'll think me for asking ! No, it'll never do to ask ; perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Down, down, down ! There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. " Dinah'll miss me very much to-night, I should think." (Dinah was the cat.) " I hope they'll remember her saucer of milk at tea-time. Dinah, my dear, I wish you were down here with me ! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like

a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder ? ” And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, “ Do cats eat bats ? do cats eat bats ? ” and sometimes, “ Do bats eat cats ? ” for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it. She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand-in-hand with Dinah, and was saying to her very earnestly, “ Now, Dinah, tell me the truth : did you ever eat a bat ? ” when suddenly, thump ! thump ! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

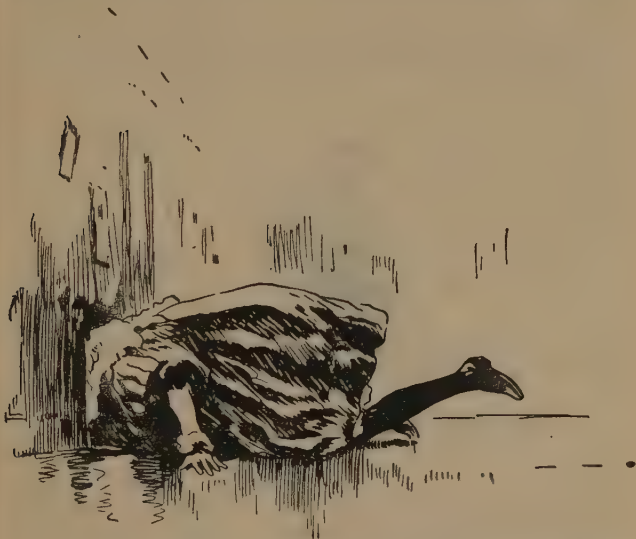
Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment. She looked up, but it was all dark overhead. Before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost. Away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, “ O my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting ! ” She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen. She found herself in a long, low hall, which was lit up by a row of lamps hanging from the roof.

There were doors all round the hall, but they were all locked ; and when Alice had been all the way down one side and up the other, trying every door, she walked sadly down the middle, wondering how she was ever to get out again.

Suddenly she came upon a little three-legged table, all made of solid glass. There was nothing on it but a tiny golden key, and Alice's first idea was that this might belong to one of the doors of the hall ; but, alas ! either the locks were too large or the key was too small, but at any rate it would not open any of them. However, on the second time round, she came upon a low curtain she had not noticed before, and behind it was a little door about fifteen inches high.

She tried the little golden key in the lock, and to her great delight it fitted.

Alice opened the door, and found that it led into a small passage, not much larger than a rat-hole. She knelt down, and looked along the passage into the loveliest garden you ever saw. How she longed to get



out of that dark hall, and wander about among those beds of bright flowers and those cool fountains, but she could not even get her head through the doorway ; “ and even if my head would go through,” thought poor Alice, “ it would be of very little use without my shoulders. Oh, how I wish I could shut up like a telescope ! I think I could, if I only knew how to begin.” For, you see, so many out-of-the-way things had happened lately that Alice had begun to

think that very few things indeed were really impossible.

There seemed to be no use in waiting by the little door, so she went back to the table, half hoping she might find another key on it, or at any rate a book of rules for shutting people up like telescopes. This time she found a little bottle on it ("which certainly was not here before," said Alice), and tied round the neck of the bottle was a paper label, with the words "DRINK ME" beautifully printed on it in large letters.



It was all very well to say "Drink me," but the wise little Alice was not going to do *that* in a hurry. "No, I'll look first," she said, "and see whether it's marked '*poison*' or not;" for she had read several nice little stories about children who had got burnt, and eaten up by wild beasts, and other unpleasant things, all because they *would* not remember the simple rules their friends had taught them—such as, that a red-hot poker will burn you if you hold it too long; and that if you cut your finger *very* deeply with a knife it usually bleeds; and she had never forgotten that, if you drink much from a bottle marked

"poison," it is almost certain to disagree with you, sooner or later.

However, this bottle was *not* marked "poison," so Alice ventured to taste it, and finding it very nice (it had, in fact, a sort of mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pine-apple, roast turkey, toffy, and hot buttered toast) she very soon finished it off.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What a curious feeling!" said Alice; "I must be shutting up like a telescope."

And so it was indeed; she was now only ten inches high, and her face brightened up at the thought that she was now the right size for going through the little door into that lovely garden. First, however, she waited for a few minutes to see if she was going to shrink any further. She felt a little nervous about this; "for it might end, you know," said Alice to herself, "in my going out altogether, like a candle. I wonder what I should be like then?" And she tried to fancy what the flame of a candle looks like after the candle is blown out, for she could not remember ever having seen such a thing.

After a while, finding that nothing more happened, she decided on going into the garden at once; but, alas for poor Alice! when she got to the door she found she had forgotten the little golden key, and when she went back to the table for it, she found she could not possibly reach it. She could see it quite plainly through the glass, and she tried her best to climb up one of the legs of the table, but it was too slippery; and when she had tired herself out with trying, the poor little thing sat down and cried.

"Come, there's no use in crying like that!" said Alice to herself rather sharply; "I advise you to leave off this minute!" She generally gave herself very good advice (though she very seldom followed it), and sometimes she scolded herself so severely as

to bring tears into her eyes ; and once she remembered trying to box her own ears for having cheated herself in a game of croquet she was playing against herself, for this curious child was very fond of pretending to be two people. " But it's no use now," thought poor Alice, " to pretend to be two people. Why, there's hardly enough of me left to make *one* respectable person ! "

Soon her eye fell on a little glass box that was lying under the table. She opened it, and found in it a very small cake, on which the words " EAT ME " were beautifully marked in currants. " Well, I'll eat it," said Alice, " and if it makes me grow larger, I can reach the key ; and if it makes me grow smaller, I can creep under the door : so either way I'll get into the garden, and I don't care which happens ! "

She ate a little bit, and said anxiously to herself, " Which way ? which way ? " holding her hand on the top of her head to feel which way it was growing, and she was quite surprised to find that she remained the same size. To be sure, this is what generally happens when one eats cake ; but Alice had got so much into the way of expecting nothing but out-of-the-way things to happen, that it seemed quite dull and stupid for life to go on in the common way.

So she set to work, and very soon finished off the cake.

## CHAPTER II

## THE POOL OF TEARS

"CURIOUSER and curiouser!" cried Alice. (She was so much surprised, that for the moment she quite forgot how to speak good English.) "Now I'm opening out like the largest telescope that ever was! Good-bye, feet!" (for when she looked down at her feet they seemed to be almost out of sight, they were getting so far off). "O my poor little feet, I wonder who will put on your shoes and stockings for you now, dears? I'm sure *I* shan't be able. I shall be a great deal too far off to trouble myself about you. You must manage the best way you can;—but I must be kind to them," thought Alice, "or perhaps they won't walk the way I want to go! Let me see: I'll give them a new pair of boots every Christmas."

And she went on planning to



herself how she would manage it. "They must go by the carrier," she thought; "and how funny it'll seem, sending presents to one's own feet! And how odd the directions will look!

'Alice's Right Foot, Esq.,  
Hearthrug,  
near the Fender,  
(with Alice's love).'

Oh dear, what nonsense I'm talking!"

Just at this moment her head struck against the roof of the hall; in fact she was now rather more than nine feet high, and she at once took up the little golden key and hurried off to the garden door.

Poor Alice! It was as much as she could do, lying down on one side, to look through into the garden with one eye; but to get through was more hopeless than ever. She sat down and began to cry again.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Alice, "a great girl like you" (she might well say this) "to go on crying in this way! Stop this moment, I tell you!" But she went on all the same, shedding gallons of tears, until there was a large pool all round her, about four inches deep, and reaching half down the hall.

After a time she heard a little pattering of feet in the distance, and she hastily dried her eyes to see what was coming. It was the White Rabbit returning, splendidly dressed, with a pair of white kid gloves in one hand and a large fan in the other. He came trotting along in a great hurry, muttering to himself as he came, "Oh, the Duchess! the Duchess! Oh! won't she be savage if I've kept her waiting!" Alice felt so desperate that she was ready to ask help of any one; so, when the Rabbit came near her, she began, in a low, timid voice, "If you please, sir—" The Rabbit started violently, dropped the white kid gloves and

the fan, and scurried away into the darkness as hard as he could go.

Alice took up the fan and gloves, and, as the hall was very hot, she kept fanning herself all the time she went on talking. "Dear, dear! how queer everything is to-day! And yesterday things went on just as usual. I wonder if I've been changed in the night! Let me think: *was* I the same when I got up this morning? I almost think I can remember feeling a little different. But if I'm not the same, the next question is, Who in the world am I? Ah, *that's* the great puzzle!" And she began thinking over all the children she knew that were of the same age as herself, to see if she could have been changed for any of them.

"I'm sure I'm not Ada," she said, "for her hair goes in such long ringlets, and mine doesn't go in ringlets at all; and I'm sure I can't be Mabel, for I know all sorts of things, and she, oh! she knows such a very little! Besides, *she's* she, and *I'm* I, and—oh dear, how puzzling it all is! I'll try if I know all the things I used to know. Let me see: four times five is twelve, and four times six is thirteen, and four times seven is—oh dear! I shall never get to twenty at that rate! However, the Multiplication Table doesn't signify: let's try Geography. London is the capital of Paris, and Paris is the capital of Rome, and Rome—no, *that's* all wrong, I'm certain! I must have been changed for Mabel! I'll try and say 'How doth the little—'" and she crossed her hands on her lap as if she were saying lessons, and began to repeat it; but her voice sounded hoarse and strange, and the words did not come the same as they used to do:—

"How doth the little crocodile  
Improve his shining tail,  
And pour the waters of the Nile  
On every golden scale!

“ How cheerfully he seems to grin,  
How neatly spreads his claws,  
And welcomes little fishes in  
With gently smiling jaws ! ”

“ I’m sure those are not the right words,” said poor Alice, and her eyes filled with tears again as she went on : “ I must be Mabel after all, and I shall have to go and live in that poky little house, and have next to no toys to play with ; and, oh ! ever so many lessons to learn ! No, I’ve made up my mind about it : if I’m Mabel, I’ll stay down here ! It’ll be no use their putting their heads down and saying, ‘ Come up again, dear ! ’ I shall only look up and say, ‘ Who am I then ? Tell me that first, and then, if I like being that person, I’ll come up ; if not, I’ll stay down here till I’m somebody else ’—but, oh dear ! ” cried Alice with a sudden burst of tears, “ I do wish they *would* put their heads down ! I am so *very* tired of being all alone here ! ”

As she said this she looked down at her hands, and was surprised to see that she had put on one of the Rabbit’s little white kid gloves while she was talking. “ How *can* I have done that ? ” she thought. “ I must be growing small again.” She got up and went to the table to measure herself by it, and found that, as nearly as she could guess, she was now about two feet high, and was going on shrinking rapidly. She soon found out that the cause of this was the fan she was holding, and she dropped it hastily, just in time to save herself from shrinking away altogether.

“ That *was* a narrow escape ! ” said Alice, a good deal frightened at the sudden change, but very glad to find herself still in existence ; “ and now for the garden ! ” and she ran with all speed back to the little door. But, alas ! the little door was shut again, and the little golden key was lying on the glass table as before ; “ and things are worse than ever,” thought

the poor child, "for I never was so small as this before, never! And I declare it's too bad, that it is!"

As she said these words her foot slipped, and in another moment, splash! she was up to her chin in salt water. Her first idea was that she had somehow fallen into the sea, "and in that case I can go back by railway," she said to herself. (Alice had been to the seaside once in her life, and had come to the general conclusion that wherever you go to on the English coast you find a number of bathing-machines in the sea, some children digging in the sand with wooden spades, then a row of lodging-houses, and behind them a railway station.) However, she soon made out that she was in the pool of tears which she had wept when she was nine feet high.

"I wish I hadn't cried so much!" said Alice as she swam about, trying to find her way out. "I shall be punished for it now, I suppose, by being drowned in my own tears! That *will* be a queer thing, to be sure! However, everything is queer to-day."

Just then she heard something splashing about in the pool a little way off, and she swam nearer to make out what it was. At first she thought it must be a walrus or hippopotamus; but then she remembered how small she was now, and she soon made out that it was only a Mouse that had slipped in like herself.

"Would it be of any use, now," thought Alice, "to speak to this Mouse? Everything is so out-of-the-way down here, that I should think very likely it can talk. At any rate, there's no harm in trying." So she began: "O Mouse, do you know the way out of this pool? I am very tired of swimming about here, O Mouse!" (Alice thought this must be the right way of speaking to a mouse; she had never done such a thing before, but she remembered having seen in her brother's Latin Grammar, "A mouse—of a mouse—to a mouse—a mouse—O mouse!") The Mouse looked at her rather inquisitively, and seemed to

her to wink with one of its little eyes, but it said nothing.

"Perhaps it doesn't understand English," thought Alice; "I dare say it's a French mouse, come over with William the Conqueror." (For, with all her knowledge of history, Alice had no very clear notion how long ago anything had happened.) So she began again: "*Où est ma chatte?*" which was the first sentence in her French lesson-book. The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water, and seemed to quiver all over with fright. "Oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice hastily, afraid that she had hurt the poor animal's feelings. "I quite forgot you didn't like cats."

"Not like cats!" cried the Mouse, in a shrill, passionate voice. "Would *you* like cats if you were me?"

"Well, perhaps not," said Alice, in a soothing tone; "don't be angry about it. And yet I wish I could show you our cat Dinah; I think you'd take a fancy to cats, if you could only see her. She is such a dear quiet thing," Alice went on, half to herself, as she swam lazily about in the pool; "and she sits purring so nicely by the fire, licking her paws and washing her face—and she is such a nice soft thing to nurse—and she's such a capital one for catching mice—oh, I beg your pardon!" cried Alice again, for this time the Mouse was bristling all over, and she felt certain it must be really offended. "We won't talk about her any more, if you'd rather not."

"We, indeed!" cried the Mouse, who was trembling down to the end of its tail. "As if *I* would talk on such a subject! Our family always *hated* cats—nasty, low, vulgar things! Don't let me hear the name again!"

"I won't indeed!" said Alice, in a great hurry to change the subject of conversation. "Are you—are you fond—of—of dogs?" The Mouse did not answer,



The Mouse gave a sudden leap out of the water.

so Alice went on eagerly : " There is such a nice little dog near our house I should like to show you ! A little, bright-eyed terrier, you know, with oh ! such long, curly brown hair ! And it'll fetch things when you throw them, and it'll sit up and beg for its dinner, and all sorts of things—I can't remember half of them ; and it belongs to a farmer, you know, and he says it's so useful it's worth a hundred pounds ! He says it kills all the rats and—oh dear ! " cried Alice, in a sorrowful tone, " I'm afraid I've offended it again ! " For the Mouse was swimming away from her as hard as it could go, and making quite a commotion in the pool as it went.

So she called softly after it : " Mouse, dear ! Do come back again, and we won't talk about cats or dogs either, if you don't like them." When the Mouse heard this, it turned round and swam slowly back to her. Its face was quite pale (with passion, Alice thought), and it said, in a low, trembling voice, " Let us get to the shore, and then I'll tell you my history, and you'll understand why it is I hate cats and dogs."

It was high time to go, for the pool was getting quite crowded with the birds and animals that had fallen into it. There were a Duck and a Dodo, a Lory and an Eaglet, and several other curious creatures. Alice led the way, and the whole party swam to the shore.

## CHAPTER III

## A CAUCUS-RACE AND A LONG TALE

THEY were indeed a queer-looking party that assembled on the bank—the birds with draggled feathers, the animals with their fur clinging close to them, and all dripping wet, cross, and uncomfortable.

The first question, of course, was how to get dry again. They had a consultation about this, and after a few minutes it seemed quite natural to Alice to find herself talking familiarly with them, as if she had known them all her life. Indeed, she had quite a long argument with the Lory, who at last turned sulky, and would only say, "I am older than you, and must know better;" and this Alice would not allow, without knowing how old it was, and as the Lory positively refused to tell its age, there was no more to be said.

At last the Mouse, who seemed to be a person of some authority among them, called out, "Sit down, all of you, and listen to me. *I'll* soon make you dry enough." They all sat down at once, in a large ring, with the Mouse in the middle. Alice kept her eyes anxiously fixed on it, for she felt sure she would catch a bad cold if she did not get dry very soon.

"Ahem!" said the Mouse, with an important air, "are you all ready? This is the driest thing I know. Silence all round, if you please! 'William the Conqueror, whose cause was favoured by the Pope, was soon submitted to by the English, who wanted leaders, and had been of late much accustomed to usurpation

and conquest. Edwin and Morcar, the Earls of Mercia and Northumbria——’”

“ Ugh ! ” said the Lory, with a shiver.

“ I beg your pardon ! ” said the Mouse, frowning, but very politely. “ Did you speak ? ”

“ Not I ! ” said the Lory hastily.

“ I thought you did,” said the Mouse. “ I proceed. ‘ Edwin and Morcar, the Earls of Mercia and Northumbria, declared for him ; and even Stigand, the patriotic Archbishop of Canterbury, found it advisable——’ ”

“ Found *what* ? ” said the Duck.

“ Found *it*,” the Mouse replied rather crossly. “ Of course you know what ‘ it ’ means.”

“ I know what ‘ it ’ means well enough when *I* find a thing,” said the Duck ; “ it’s generally a frog or a worm. The question is, What did the Archbishop find ? ”

The Mouse did not notice this question, but hurriedly went on——“ ‘ found it advisable to go with Edgar Atheling to meet William and offer him the crown. William’s conduct at first was moderate. But the insolence of his Normans——’ How are you getting on now, my dear ? ” it continued, turning to Alice as it spoke.

“ As wet as ever,” said Alice, in a melancholy tone ; “ it doesn’t seem to dry me at all.”

“ In that case,” said the Dodo solemnly, rising to its feet, “ I move that the meeting adjourn, for the immediate adoption of more energetic remedies——”

“ Speak English ! ” said the Eaglet. “ I don’t know the meaning of half those long words ; and what’s more, I don’t believe you do either ! ” And the Eaglet bent down its head to hide a smile ; some of the other birds tittered audibly.

“ What I was going to say,” said the Dodo, in an offended tone, “ was, that the best thing to get us dry would be a Caucus-race.”

"What is a Caucus-race?" said Alice; not that she much wanted to know, but the Dodo had paused as if it thought that *somebody* ought to speak, and no one else seemed inclined to say anything.

"Why," said the Dodo, "the best way to explain it is to do it." (And as you might like to try the thing yourself some winter day, I will tell you how the Dodo managed it.)

First, it marked out a race-course, in a sort of circle ("the exact shape doesn't matter," it said); and then all the party were placed along the course, here and there. There was no "One, two, three, and away!" but they began running when they liked, and left off when they liked, so that it was not easy to know when the race was over. However, when they had been running half an hour or so, and were quite dry again, the Dodo suddenly called out, "The race is over!" and they all crowded round it, panting, and asking, "But who has won?"

This question the Dodo could not answer without a great deal of thought, and it sat for a long time with one finger pressed upon its forehead (the position in which you usually see Shakespeare in the pictures of him), while the rest waited in silence. At last the Dodo said, "*Everybody* has won, and all must have prizes."

"But who is to give the prizes?" quite a chorus of voices asked.

"Why, *she*, of course," said the Dodo, pointing to Alice with one finger; and the whole party at once crowded round her, calling out in a confused way, "Prizes! Prizes!"

Alice had no idea what to do, and in despair she put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out a box of comfits (luckily the salt water had not got into it), and handed them round as prizes. There was exactly one apiece all round.

"But she must have a prize herself, you know," said the Mouse.

"Of course," the Dodo replied very gravely.

"What else have you got in your pocket?" he went on, turning to Alice.

"Only a thimble," said Alice sadly.

"Hand it over here," said the Dodo.

Then they all crowded round her once more, while the Dodo solemnly presented the thimble, saying, "We beg your acceptance of this elegant thimble;" and when it had finished this short speech, they all cheered.

Alice thought the whole thing very absurd, but they all looked so grave that she did not dare to laugh; and as she could not think of anything to say, she simply bowed, and took the thimble, looking as solemn as she could.

The next thing was to eat the comfits. This caused some noise and confusion, as the large birds complained that they could not taste theirs, and the small ones choked, and had to be patted on the back. However, it was over at last,

and they sat down again in a ring, and begged the Mouse to tell them something more.

"You promised to tell me your history, you know," said Alice, "and why it is you hate—C and D," she added in a whisper, half afraid that it would be offended again.

"Mine is a long and a sad tale," said the Mouse, turning to Alice, and sighing.

"It is a long tail, certainly," said Alice, looking



down with wonder at the Mouse's tail ; " but why do you call it sad ? " And she kept on puzzling about it while the Mouse was speaking, so that her idea of the tale was something like this :—

" Fury said to a mouse,  
 That he met in the  
     house, ' Let us both  
         go to law ; I will  
             prosecute *you*.—  
     Come, I'll take  
         no denial ; We  
     must have a  
 trial : For  
 really this  
 morning I've  
     nothing to do.'  
     Said the  
         mouse to the  
             cur, ' Such  
                 a trial, dear  
             sir, With  
         no jury or  
     judge,  
     would  
 be wast-  
     ing our  
     breath.'  
     'I'll be  
         judge,  
     I'll be  
         jury,'  
         said cun-  
             ning old  
         Fury :  
     'I'll try  
         the  
         whole  
     cause,  
     and con-  
     demn  
     you to  
 death."

" You are not attending ! " said the Mouse to Alice severely. " What are you thinking of ? "

" I beg your pardon," said Alice very humbly ;  
 " you had got to the fifth bend, I think ? "

" I had *not* ! " cried the Mouse sharply and very angrily.

"A knot!" said Alice, always ready to make herself useful, and looking anxiously about her. "Oh, do let me help to undo it."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said the Mouse, getting up and walking away. "You insult me by talking such nonsense!"

"I didn't mean it!" pleaded poor Alice. "But you're so easily offended, you know."

The Mouse only growled in reply.

"Please come back, and finish your story," Alice called after it; and the others all joined in chorus, "Yes, please do!" but the Mouse only shook its head impatiently, and walked a

"What a pity it sighed the Lory, as soon of sight; and an old opportunity of saying my dear! let this never to lose your tongue, Crab a



little quicker.

wouldn't stay!"

as it was quite out Crab took the opportunity to her daughter, "Ah, be a lesson to you *your* temper." "Hold Ma!" said the young

little snappishly. "You're enough to try the patience of an oyster!"

"I wish I had our Dinah here; I know I do!" said Alice aloud, addressing nobody in particular. "She'd soon fetch it back!"

"And who is Dinah, if I might venture to ask the question?" said the Lory.

Alice replied eagerly, for she was always ready to

talk about her pet. "Dinah's our cat. And she's such a capital one for catching mice, you can't think! And oh, I wish you could see her after the birds! Why, she'll eat a little bird as soon as look at it!"

This speech caused a remarkable sensation among the party. Some of the birds hurried off at once. One old Magpie began wrapping itself up very carefully, remarking, "I really must be getting home; the night air doesn't suit my throat!" and a Canary called out in a trembling voice to its children, "Come away, my dears! It's high time you were all in bed." On various pretexts they all moved off, and Alice was soon left alone.

"I wish I hadn't mentioned Dinah," she said to herself in a melancholy tone. "Nobody seems to like her down here, and I'm sure she's the best cat in the world. O my dear Dinah! I wonder if I shall ever see you any more!" And here poor Alice began to cry again, for she felt very lonely and low-spirited. In a little while, however, she again heard a little pattering of footsteps in the distance, and she looked up eagerly, half hoping that the Mouse had changed his mind, and was coming back to finish his story.

## CHAPTER IV

## THE RABBIT SENDS IN A LITTLE BILL

It was the White Rabbit, trotting slowly back again, and looking anxiously about as it went, as if it had lost something ; and Alice heard it muttering to itself, " The Duchess ! the Duchess ! O my dear paws ! O my fur and whiskers ! She'll get me executed as sure as ferrets are ferrets ! Where *can* I have dropped them, I wonder ? " Alice guessed in a moment that it was looking for the fan and the pair of white kid gloves, and she very good-naturedly began hunting about for them ; but they were nowhere to be seen—everything seemed to have changed since her swim in the pool, and the great hall, with the glass table and the little door, had vanished completely.

Very soon the Rabbit noticed Alice, as she went hunting about, and called out to her in an angry tone, " Why, Mary Ann, what *are* you doing out here ? Run home this moment and fetch me a pair of gloves and a fan. Quick, now ! " And Alice was so much frightened that she ran off at once in the direction it pointed to, without trying to explain the mistake that it had made.

" He took me for his housemaid," she said to herself as she ran. " How surprised he'll be when he finds out who I am ! But I'd better take him his fan and gloves—that is, if I can find them." As she said this, she came upon a neat little house, on the door of which was a bright brass plate with the name

"W. RABBIT" engraved upon it. She went in without knocking, and hurried upstairs, in great fear lest she should meet the real Mary Ann, and be turned out of the house before she had found the fan and gloves.

"How queer it seems," Alice said to herself, "to be going messages for a rabbit! I suppose Dinah'll be sending me on messages next!" And she began fancying the sort of thing that would happen:



" 'Miss Alice, come here directly, and get ready for your walk!' 'Coming in a minute, nurse! But I've got to watch this mousehole till Dinah comes back, and see that the mouse doesn't get out.' Only I don't think," Alice went on, "that they'd let Dinah stop in the house if it began ordering people about like that."

By this time she had found her way into a tidy little room, with a table in the window, and on it (as she had hoped) a fan and two or three pairs of tiny

white kid gloves. She took up the fan and a pair of the gloves, and was just going to leave the room, when her eye fell upon a little bottle that stood near the looking-glass. There was no label this time with the words "DRINK ME," but nevertheless she uncorked it and put it to her lips. "I know *something* interesting is sure to happen," she said to herself, "whenever I eat or drink anything; so I'll just see what this bottle does. I do hope it'll make me grow large again, for really I'm quite tired of being such a tiny little thing!"

It did so indeed, and much sooner than she had expected. Before she had drunk half the bottle she found her head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck from being broken. She hastily put down the bottle, saying to herself, "That's quite enough—I hope I shan't grow any more. As it is, I can't get out at the door. I do wish I hadn't drunk quite so much!"

Alas, it was too late to wish that! She went on growing and growing, and very soon had to kneel down on the floor. In another minute there was not even room for this, and she tried the effect of lying down with one elbow against the door, and the other arm curled round her head. Still she went on growing, and, as a last resource, she put one arm out of the window, and one foot up the chimney, and said to herself, "Now I can do no more, whatever happens. What *will* become of me?"

Luckily for Alice, the little magic bottle had now had its full effect, and she grew no larger. Still it was very uncomfortable, and as there seemed to be no sort of chance of her ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy.

"It was much pleasanter at home," thought poor Alice, "when one wasn't always growing larger and smaller, and being ordered about by mice and rabbits. I almost wish I hadn't gone down that rabbit-hole;

and yet—and yet—it's rather curious, you know, this sort of life. I do wonder what *can* have happened to me. When I used to read fairy-tales, I fancied that kind of thing never happened; and now here I am in the middle of one! There ought to be a book written about me, that there ought! And when I grow up I'll write one—but I'm grown up now," she added in a sorrowful tone; "at least there's no room to grow up any more *here*."

"But then," thought Alice, "shall I *never* get any older than I am now? That'll be a comfort, one way—never to be an old woman—but then, always to have lessons to learn! Oh, I shouldn't like *that*!"

"O you foolish Alice!" she answered herself. "How can you learn lessons in here? Why, there's hardly room for you, and no room at all for any lesson-books."

And so she went on, taking first one side and then the other, and making quite a conversation of it altogether; but after a few minutes she heard a voice outside, and stopped to listen.

"Mary Ann! Mary Ann!" said the voice, "fetch me my gloves this moment!" Then came a pattering of little feet on the stairs. Alice knew it was the Rabbit coming to look for her, and she trembled till she shook the house, quite forgetting that she was now about a thousand times as large as the Rabbit, and had no reason to be afraid of it.

Presently the Rabbit came up to the door, and tried to open it; but as the door opened inwards, and Alice's elbow was pressed hard against it, that attempt proved a failure. Alice heard it say to itself, "I'll go round and get in at the window."

"*That* you won't!" thought Alice, and so she went on till she fancied she heard the Rabbit at the window, she suddenly spread out on the ground, made a snatch in the air. She did not know what she was doing, but she heard a little shriek

crash of broken glass, from which she concluded that it was just possible it had fallen into a cucumber frame, or something of the sort.

Next came an angry voice—the Rabbit's—"Pat! Pat! Where are you?" And then a voice she had never heard before, "Sure then I'm here. Digging for apples, yer honour!"

"Digging for apples, indeed!" said the Rabbit angrily. "Here! come and help me out of *this*!" (Sounds of more broken glass.)

"Now tell me, Pat, what's that in the window?"

"Sure, it's an arm, yer honour." (He pronounced it "arrum.")

"An arm, you goose! Who ever saw one that size? Why, it fills the whole window."

"Sure, it does, yer honour; but it's an arm for all that."

"Well, it's got no business there, at any rate. Go and take it away."

There was a long silence after this, and Alice could only hear whispers now and then, such as, "Sure, I don't like it, yer honour, at all, at all." "Do as I tell you, you coward!" and at last she spread out her hand again, and made another snatch in the air. This time there were *two* little shrieks, and more sounds of broken glass. "What a number of cucumber frames there must be!" thought Alice. "I wonder what they'll do next! As for pulling me out of the window, I only wish they *could*. I'm sure *I* don't want to stay in here any longer!"

She waited for some time without hearing anything. At last came a rumbling of little cart-wheels, and a sound of a good many voices all talking together. They made out the words: "Where's the —Why, I hadn't to bring but one; —her.—Bill, fetch it here, lad!—Here, —corner.—No, tie 'em together first; —high enough yet.—Oh! they'll



Can you find a good sentence to suit this picture?  
Would you like to make any alterations?

do well enough ; don't be particular.—Here, Bill ! catch hold of this rope.—Will the roof bear ?—Mind that loose slate.—Oh, it's coming down ! Heads below ! ” (a loud crash).—“ Now, who did that ?—It was Bill, I fancy.—Who's to go down the chimney ?—Nay, *I* shan't ! *You* do it !—*That* I won't, then !—Bill's got to go down.—Here, Bill ! the master says you've got to go down the chimney ! ”

“ Oh ! so Bill's got to come down the chimney, has he ? ” said Alice to herself. “ Why, they seem to put everything upon Bill ! I wouldn't be in Bill's place for a good deal. This fireplace is narrow, to be sure ; but I *think* I can kick a little ! ”

She drew her foot as far down the chimney as she could, and waited till she heard a little animal (she couldn't guess of what sort it was) scratching and scrambling about in the chimney close above her. Then, saying to herself, “ This is Bill,” she gave one sharp kick and waited to see what would happen next.

The first thing she heard was a general chorus of “ There goes Bill ! ”—then the Rabbit's voice alone, “ Catch him, you by the hedge ! ”—then silence, and then another confusion of voices : “ Hold up his head—brandy now—don't choke him. How was it, old fellow ?—what happened to you ?—tell us all about it ! ”

Last came a little, feeble, squeaking voice (“ That's Bill,” thought Alice), “ Well, I hardly know—no more, thank ye ; I'm better now ; but I'm a deal too flustered to tell you—all I know is, something comes at me like a Jack-in-the-box, and up I goes like a sky-rocket ! ”

“ So you did, old fellow ! ” said the others.

“ We must burn the house down ! ” said the Rabbit's voice ; and Alice called out as loud as she could, “ If you do, I'll set Dinah at you ! ”

There was a dead silence instantly, and Alice thought to herself, “ I wonder what they *will* do next ! ”

If they had any sense, they'd take the roof off." After a minute or two, they began moving about again, and Alice heard the Rabbit say, "A barrowful will do, to begin with."

"A barrowful of *what*?" thought Alice; but she had not long to doubt, for the next moment a shower of little pebbles came rattling in at the window, and some of them hit her in the face. "I'll put a stop to this," she said to herself, and shouted out, "You'd better not do that again!" which produced another dead silence.

Alice noticed, with some surprise, that the pebbles were turning into little cakes as they lay on the floor, and a bright idea came into her head.



"If I eat one of these cakes," she thought, "it's sure to make some change in my size; and as it can't possibly make me larger, it must make me smaller, I suppose."

So she swallowed one of the cakes, and was delighted to find that she began shrinking directly. As soon as she was small enough to get through the door, she ran out of the house, and found quite a crowd of little animals and birds waiting outside. The poor little Lizard, Bill, was in the middle, being held up by two guinea-pigs, who were giving it something out of a bottle. They all made a rush at Alice the moment she appeared; but she ran off as hard as she could, and soon found herself safe in a thick wood.

"The first thing I've got to do," said Alice to herself, as she wandered about in the wood, "is to grow to my right size again; and the second thing is to find my way into that lovely garden. I think that will be the best plan."

It sounded an excellent plan, no doubt, and very neatly and simply arranged; the only difficulty was, that she had not the smallest idea how to set about it; and while she was peering about anxiously among the trees, a little sharp bark just over her head made her look up in a great hurry.

An enormous puppy was looking down at her with large round eyes, and feebly stretching out one paw, trying to touch her. "Poor little thing!" said Alice in a coaxing tone, and she tried hard to whistle to it; but she was terribly frightened all the time at the thought that it might be hungry, in which case it would be very likely to eat her up in spite of all her coaxing.

Hardly knowing what she did, she picked up a little bit of stick and held it out to the puppy; whereupon the puppy jumped into the air off all its feet at once, with a yelp of delight, and rushed at the stick, and made believe to worry it. Then Alice dodged behind

a great thistle, to keep herself from being run over ; and the moment she appeared on the other side the puppy made another rush at the stick, and tumbled head over heels in its hurry to get hold of it. Then Alice, thinking it was very like having a game of play with a cart-horse, and expecting every moment to be



trampled under its feet, ran round the thistle again ; then the puppy began a series of short charges at the stick, running a very little way forwards each time and a long way back, and barking hoarsely all the while, till at last it sat down a good way off, panting, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth, and its great eyes half shut.

This seemed to Alice a good opportunity for making her escape, so she set off at once, and ran till she was quite tired and out of breath, and till the puppy's bark sounded quite faint in the distance.

"And yet what a dear little puppy it was!" said Alice, as she leant against a buttercup to rest herself, and fanned herself with one of the leaves. "I should have liked teaching it tricks very much, if—if I'd only been the right size to do it! Oh dear! I'd nearly forgotten that I've got to grow up again! Let me see—how *is* it to be managed? I suppose I ought to eat or drink something or other; but the great question is, What?"

The great question certainly was, What? Alice looked all round her at the flowers and the blades of grass, but she could not see anything that looked like the right thing to eat or drink under the circumstances. There was a large mushroom growing near her, about the same height as herself, and when she had looked under it, and on both sides of it, and behind it, it occurred to her that she might as well look and see what was on the top of it.

She stretched herself up on tiptoe, and peeped over the edge of the mushroom, and her eyes immediately met those of a large blue caterpillar, that was sitting on the top with its arms folded, quietly smoking a long hookah, and taking not the smallest notice of her or of anything else.

## CHAPTER V

## ADVICE FROM A CATERPILLAR

THE Caterpillar and Alice looked at each other for some time in silence. At last the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth, and addressed her in a languid, sleepy voice.

"Who are *you*?" said the Caterpillar.

This was not an encouraging opening for a conversation. Alice replied, rather shyly, "I—I hardly know, sir, just at present—at least, I know who I *was* when I got up this morning, but I think I must have been changed several times since then."

"What do you mean by that?" said the Caterpillar sternly. "Explain yourself!"

"I can't explain *myself*, I'm afraid, sir," said Alice, "because I'm not myself, you see."

"I don't see," said the Caterpillar.

"I'm afraid I can't put it more clearly," Alice replied very politely, "for I can't understand it myself to begin with; and being so many different sizes in a day is very confusing."

"It isn't," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps you haven't found it so yet," said Alice; "but when you have to turn into a chrysalis—you will some day, you know—and then after that into a butterfly, I should think you'll feel it a little queer, won't you?"

"Not a bit," said the Caterpillar.

"Well, perhaps your feelings may be different,"

said Alice ; " all I know is, it would feel very queer to *me*."

" You ! " said the Caterpillar contemptuously. " Who are *you* ? "

Which brought them back again to the beginning



of the conversation. Alice felt a little irritated at the Caterpillar's making such *very* short remarks, and she drew herself up and said, very gravely, " I think you ought to tell me who *you* are first."

" Why ? " said the Caterpillar.

Here was another puzzling question ; and as Alice could not think of any good reason, and as the Cater-

pillar seemed to be in a *very* unpleasant state of mind, she turned away.

"Come back!" the Caterpillar called after her. "I've something important to say."

This sounded promising, certainly. Alice turned and came back again.

"Keep your temper," said the Caterpillar.

"Is that all?" said Alice, swallowing down her anger as well as she could.

"No," said the Caterpillar.

Alice thought she might as well wait, as she had nothing else to do, and perhaps after all it might tell her something worth hearing. For some minutes it puffed away without speaking; but at last it unfolded its arms, took the hookah out of its mouth again, and said, "So you think you're changed, do you?"

"I'm afraid I am, sir," said Alice; "I can't remember things as I used—and I don't keep the same size for ten minutes together."

"Can't remember *what* things?" said the Caterpillar.

"Well, I've tried to say 'How doth the little busy bee,' but it all came different," Alice replied in a very melancholy voice.

"Repeat 'You are old, Father William,'" said the Caterpillar.

Alice folded her hands, and began :—

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,

"And your hair has become very white;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,

"I feared it might injure the brain;  
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,  
And have grown most uncommonly fat ;  
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
Pray, what is the reason of that ? "

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his grey locks,  
"I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—  
Allow me to sell you a couple ! "

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are too  
weak  
For anything tougher than suet ;  
Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—  
Pray, how did you manage to do it ? "

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,  
And argued each case with my wife ;  
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,  
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth ; "one would hardly  
suppose  
That your eye was as steady as ever ;  
Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—  
What made you so awfully clever ? "

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"  
Said his father ; "don't give yourself airs !  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff ?  
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs ! "

"That is not said right," said the Caterpillar.

"Not *quite* right, I'm afraid," said Alice timidly ;  
"some of the words have got altered."

"It is wrong from beginning to end," said the  
Caterpillar decidedly, and there was silence for some  
minutes.

The Caterpillar was the first to speak.

"What size do you want to be ? " it asked.

"Oh, I'm not particular as to size," Alice hastily

replied ; " only one doesn't like changing so often, you know."

" I *don't* know," said the Caterpillar.

Alice said nothing. She had never been so much contradicted in all her life before, and she felt that she was losing her temper.

" Are you content now ? " said the Caterpillar.

" Well, I should like to be a *little* larger, sir, if you wouldn't mind," said Alice ; " three inches is such a wretched height to be."

" It is a very good height indeed ! " said the Caterpillar angrily, rearing itself upright as it spoke (it was exactly three inches high).

" But I'm not used to it," pleaded poor Alice in a piteous tone. And she thought to herself, " I wish the creatures wouldn't be so easily offended."

" You'll get used to it in time," said the Caterpillar ; and it put the hookah into its mouth and began smoking again.

This time Alice waited patiently until it chose to speak again. In a minute or two the Caterpillar took the hookah out of its mouth and yawned once or twice, and shook itself. Then it got down off the mushroom, and crawled away into the grass, merely remarking as it went, " One side will make you grow taller, and the other side will make you grow shorter."

" One side of *what* ? The other side of *what* ? " thought Alice to herself.

" Of the mushroom," said the Caterpillar, just as if she had asked it aloud ; and in another moment it was out of sight.

Alice remained looking thoughtfully at the mushroom for a minute, trying to make out which were the two sides of it ; and as it was perfectly round, she found this a very difficult question. However, at last she stretched her arms round it as far as they would go, and broke off a bit of the edge with each hand.

"And now which is which?" she said to herself, and nibbled a little of the right-hand bit to try the effect. The next moment she felt a violent blow underneath her chin; it had struck her foot!

She was a good deal frightened by this very sudden change, but she felt that there was no time to be lost, as she was shrinking rapidly; so she set to work at once to eat some of the other bit. Her chin was pressed so closely against her foot that there was hardly room to open her mouth; but she did it at last, and managed to swallow a morsel of the left-hand bit.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Come, my head's free at last!" said Alice in a tone of delight, which changed into alarm in another moment, when she found that her shoulders were nowhere to be found. All she could see, when she looked down, was an immense length of neck, which seemed to rise like a stalk out of a sea of green leaves that lay far below her.

"What *can* all that green stuff be?" said Alice. "And where *have* my shoulders got to? And oh, my poor hands, how is it I can't see you?" She was moving them about as she spoke, but no result seemed to follow, except a little shaking among the distant green leaves.

As there seemed to be no chance of getting her hands up to her head, she tried to get her head down to them, and was delighted to find that her neck would bend about easily in any direction, like a serpent. She had just succeeded in curving it down into a graceful zig-zag, and was going to dive in among the leaves, which she found to be nothing but the tops of the trees under which she had been wandering, when a sharp hiss made her draw back in a hurry: a large pigeon had flown into her face, and was beating her violently with its wings.

"Serpent!" screamed the Pigeon.

"I'm *not* a serpent!" said Alice indignantly. "Let me alone!"

"Serpent, I say again!" repeated the Pigeon, but in a more subdued tone; and added, with a kind of sob, "I've tried every way, and nothing seems to suit them!"

"I haven't the least idea what you're talking about," said Alice.

"I've tried the roots of trees, and I've tried banks, and I've tried hedges," the Pigeon went on, without attending to her; "but those serpents, there's no pleasing them!"

Alice was more and more puzzled, but she thought there was no use in saying anything more till the Pigeon had finished.

"As if it wasn't trouble enough hatching the eggs," said the Pigeon, "but I must be on the lookout for serpents night and day! Why, I haven't had a wink of sleep these three weeks!"

"I'm very sorry  
(2,596)



you've been annoyed," said Alice, who was beginning to see its meaning.

"And just as I'd taken the highest tree in the wood," continued the Pigeon, raising its voice to a shriek, "and just as I was thinking I should be free of them at last, they must needs come wriggling down from the sky! Ugh! Serpent!"

"But I'm *not* a serpent, I tell you!" said Alice. "I'm a—I'm a——"

"Well! *What* are you?" said the Pigeon. "I can see you're trying to invent something."

"I—I'm a little girl," said Alice, rather doubtfully, as she remembered the number of changes she had gone through that day.

"A likely story indeed!" said the Pigeon, in a tone of the deepest contempt. "I've seen a good many little girls in my time, but never *one* with such a neck as that! No, no; you're a serpent; and there's no use denying it. I suppose you'll be telling me next that you never tasted an egg!"

"I *have* tasted eggs, certainly," said Alice, who was a very truthful child; "but little girls eat eggs quite as much as serpents do, you know."

"I don't believe it," said the Pigeon; "but if they do, why then they're a kind of serpent, that's all I can say."

This was such a new idea to Alice that she was quite silent for a minute or two, which gave the Pigeon the opportunity of adding, "You're looking for eggs, I know *that* well enough; and what does it matter to me whether you're a little girl or a serpent?"

"It matters a good deal to *me*," said Alice hastily. "But I'm not looking for eggs, as it happens; and if I was, I shouldn't want *yours*: I don't like them raw."

"Well, be off, then!" said the Pigeon in a sulky tone, as it settled down again into its nest. Alice crouched down among the trees as well as she could,

for her neck kept getting entangled among the branches, and every now and then she had to stop and untwist it. After a while she remembered that she still held the pieces of mushroom in her hands, and she set to work very carefully, nibbling first at one and then at the other, and growing sometimes taller and sometimes shorter, until she had succeeded in bringing herself down to her usual height.

It was so long since she had been anything near the right size, that it felt quite strange at first ; but she got used to it in a few minutes, and began talking to herself, as usual. " Come, there's half my plan done now ! How puzzling all these changes are ! I'm never sure what I'm going to be from one minute to another. However, I've got back to my right size ; the next thing is to get into that beautiful garden. How *is* that to be done, I wonder ? " As she said this, she came suddenly upon an open place, with a little house in it about four feet high. " Whoever lives there," thought Alice, " it'll never do to come upon them *this* size : why, I should frighten them out of their wits ! " So she began nibbling at the right-hand bit again, and did not venture to go near the house till she had brought herself down to nine inches high.

## CHAPTER VI

## PIG AND PEPPER

FOR a minute or two Alice stood looking at the house, and wondering what to do next, when suddenly a footman in livery came running out of the wood (she considered him to be a footman because he was in livery ; otherwise, judging by his face only, she would have called him a fish), and rapped loudly at the door with his knuckles. It was opened by another footman in livery, with a round face and large eyes like a frog ; and both footmen, Alice noticed, had powdered hair that curled all over their heads. She felt very curious to know what it was all about, and crept a little way out of the wood to listen.

The Fish-Footman began by producing from under his arm a great letter, nearly as large as himself, and this he handed over to the other, saying in a solemn tone, "For the Duchess. An invitation from the Queen to play croquet." The Frog-Footman repeated, in the same solemn tone, only changing the order of the words a little, "From the Queen. An invitation for the Duchess to play croquet."

Then they both bowed low, and their curls got entangled together.

Alice laughed so much at this that she had to run back into the wood for fear of their hearing her ; and when she next peeped out the Fish-Footman was gone, and the other was sitting on the ground near the door, staring stupidly up into the sky.

Alice went timidly up to the door and knocked.

"There's no sort of use in knocking," said the Footman, "and that for two reasons. First, because I'm on the same side of the door as you are ; secondly, because they're making such a noise inside no one could possibly hear you." And certainly there *was* a most extraordinary noise going on within—a constant howling and sneezing, and every now and then a great crash, as if a dish or kettle had been broken to pieces.

"Please, then," said Alice, "how am I to get in ? "

"There might be some sense in your knocking," the Footman went on, without attending to her, "if we had the door between us. For instance, if you were *inside*, you might knock, and I could let you out, you know." He was looking up into the sky all the time he was speaking, and this Alice thought decidedly uncivil. "But perhaps he can't help it," she said to herself, "his eyes are so *very* nearly at the top of his head. But at any rate he might answer questions.—How am I to get in ? " she repeated aloud.

"I shall sit here," the Footman remarked, "till to-morrow——"

At this moment the door of the house opened, and a large plate came skimming out, straight at the Footman's head. It just grazed his nose, and broke to pieces against one of the trees behind him.

"—or next day, maybe," the Footman continued in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.

"How am I to get in ? " asked Alice again in a louder tone.

"*Are* you to get in at all ? " said the Footman. "That's the first question, you know."

It was, no doubt ; only Alice did not like to be told so. "It's really dreadful," she muttered to herself, "the way all the creatures argue. It's enough to drive one crazy ! "

The Footman seemed to think this a good opportunity of repeating his remark, with variations.

"I shall sit here," he said, "on and off, for days and days."

"But what am *I* to do?" said Alice.

"Anything you like," said the Footman, and began whistling.

"Oh, there's no use in talking to him," said Alice desperately; "he's perfectly idiotic!" And she opened the door and went in.

The door led right into a large kitchen, which was full of smoke from one end to the other. The Duchess was sitting on a three-legged stool in the middle, nursing a baby; the cook was leaning over the fire, stirring a large cauldron which seemed to be full of soup.

"There's certainly too much pepper in that soup!" Alice said to herself, as well as she could for sneezing.

There was certainly too much of it in the air. Even the Duchess sneezed occasionally; and as for the baby, it was sneezing and howling alternately without a moment's pause. The only creatures in the kitchen that did not sneeze were the cook, and a large cat which was sitting on the hearth and grinning from ear to ear.

"Please, would you tell me," said Alice a little timidly, for she was not quite sure whether it was good manners for her to speak first, "why your cat grins like that?"

"It's a Cheshire cat," said the Duchess, "and that's why. Pig!"

She said the last word with such sudden violence that Alice quite jumped; but she saw in another moment that it was addressed to the baby and not to her, so she took courage and went on again,—

"I didn't know that Cheshire cats always grinned; in fact, I didn't know that cats *could* grin."

"They all can," said the Duchess; "and most of 'em do."

"I don't know of any that do," Alice said very

politely, feeling quite pleased to have got into a conversation.

"You don't know much," said the Duchess; "and that's a fact."

Alice did not at all like the tone of this remark, and thought it would be as well to introduce some other subject of conversation. While she was trying to fix on one, the cook took the cauldron of soup off the fire, and at once set to work throwing everything within her reach at the Duchess and the baby: the fire-irons came first; then followed a shower of saucepans, plates, and dishes. The Duchess took no notice of them, even when they hit her; and the baby was howling so much already, that it was quite impossible to say whether the blows hurt it or not.

"Oh, *please* mind what you're doing!" cried Alice, jumping up and down in an agony of terror. "Oh, there goes his *precious* nose!" as an unusually large saucepan flew close by it, and very nearly carried it off.

"If everybody minded their own business," said the Duchess in a hoarse growl, "the world would go round a deal faster than it does."

"Which would *not* be an advantage," said Alice, who felt very glad to get an opportunity of showing off a little of her knowledge. "Just think what work it would make with the day and night! You see the earth takes twenty-four hours to turn round on its axis——"

"Talking of axes," said the Duchess, "chop off her head!"

Alice glanced rather anxiously at the cook, to see if she meant to take the hint; but the cook was busily stirring the soup, and seemed not to be listening, so she went on again: "Twenty-four hours, I *think*; or is it twelve? I——"

"Oh, don't bother *me*," said the Duchess; "I never could abide figures!" And with that she began

nursing her child again, singing a sort of lullaby to it as she did so, and giving it a violent shake at the end of every line :—

“ Speak roughly to your little boy,  
And beat him when he sneezes ;  
He only does it to annoy,  
Because he knows it teases.”

CHORUS.

(In which the cook and the baby joined) :—

“ Wow ! wow ! wow ! ”

While the Duchess sang the second verse of the song she kept tossing the baby violently up and down, and the poor little thing howled so that Alice could hardly hear the words :—

“ I speak severely to my boy,  
I beat him when he sneezes ;  
For he can thoroughly enjoy  
The pepper when he pleases ! ”

CHORUS.

“ Wow ! wow ! wow ! ”

“ Here ! you may nurse it a bit, if you like ! ” said the Duchess to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke. “ I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen,” and she hurried out of the room. The cook threw a frying-pan after her as she went, but it just missed her.

Alice caught the baby with some difficulty, as it was a queer-shaped little creature, and held out its arms and legs in all directions, “ just like a starfish,” thought Alice. The poor little thing was snorting like



Flinging the baby at her as she spoke.

a steam-engine when she caught it, and kept doubling itself up and straightening itself out again ; so that altogether, for the first minute or two, it was as much as she could do to hold it.

As soon as she had made out the proper way of nursing it (which was to twist it up into a sort of knot, and then keep tight hold of its right ear and left foot, so as to prevent its undoing itself), she carried it out into the open air. " If I don't take this child away with me," thought Alice, " they're sure to kill it in a day or two : wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind ? " She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply (it had left off sneezing by this time). " Don't grunt," said Alice ; " that's not at all a proper way of expressing yourself."

The baby grunted again, and Alice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a *very* turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose ; also its eyes were getting extremely small for a baby ; altogether Alice did not like the look of the thing at all. " But perhaps it was only sobbing," she thought, and looked into its eyes again to see if there were any tears.

No, there were no tears. " If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear," said Alice seriously, " I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now ! " The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

Alice was just beginning to think to herself, " Now, what am I to do with this creature when I get it home ? " when it grunted again so violently that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be *no* mistake about it ; it was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite absurd for her to carry it any farther.

So she set the little creature down, and felt quite

relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have made a dreadfully ugly child; but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew, who might



do very well as pigs, and was just saying to herself, "if one only knew the right way to change them—" when she was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought; still it had *very* long

claws and a great many teeth, so she felt it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name: however, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on, "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to walk from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't much care where—" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you walk," said the Cat.

"—so long as I get *somewhere*," Alice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter; and in *that* direction," waving the other way, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like; they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat; "we're all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Alice didn't think that proved it at all. However, she went on: "And how do you know that you're mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well, then," the Cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's

pleased. Now *I* growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"*I* call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?"

"I should like it very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this; she was getting so well used to queer things happening. While she was still looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

"By-the-by, what became of the baby?" said the Cat. "I'd nearly forgotten to ask."

"It turned into a pig," Alice answered very quietly, just as if the Cat had come back in a natural way.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again; but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before," she said to herself; "the March Hare will be much the more interesting, and perhaps as this is May it won't



be raving mad—at least not so mad as it was in March.” As she said this she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

“ Did you say pig or fig ? ” said the Cat.

“ I said pig,” replied Alice ; “ and I wish you wouldn’t keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly ; you make one quite giddy.”

“ All right,” said the Cat ; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

“ Well ! I’ve often seen a cat without a grin,” thought Alice ; “ but a grin without a cat ! It’s the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life ! ”

She had not gone much farther before she came in sight of the house of the March Hare. She thought it must be the right house, because the chimneys were shaped like ears and the roof was thatched with fur. It was so large a house, that she did not like to go nearer till she had nibbled some more of the left-hand bit of mushroom, and raised herself to about two feet high. Even then she walked up towards it rather timidly, saying to herself, “ Suppose it should be raving mad after all ! I almost wish I’d gone to see the Hatter instead ! ”

## CHAPTER VII

## A MAD TEA-PARTY

THERE was a table set out under a tree in front of the house, and the March Hare and the Hatter were having tea at it. A Dormouse was sitting between them, fast asleep, and the other two were using it as a cushion, resting their elbows on it, and talking over its head. "Very uncomfortable for the Dormouse," thought Alice; "only, as it's asleep, I suppose it doesn't mind."

The table was a large one, but the three were all crowded together at one corner of it. "No room! No room!" they cried out when they saw Alice coming. "There's *plenty* of room!" said Alice indignantly, and she sat down in a large armchair at one end of the table.

"Have some wine," the March Hare said, in an encouraging tone.

Alice looked all round the table, but there was nothing on it but tea. "I don't see any wine," she remarked.

"There isn't any," said the March Hare.

"Then it wasn't very civil of you to offer it," said Alice angrily.

"It wasn't very civil of you to sit down without being invited," said the March Hare.

"I didn't know it was *your* table," said Alice; "it's laid for a great many more than three."

"Your hair wants cutting," said the Hatter. He

had been looking at Alice for some time with great curiosity, and this was his first speech.

"You should learn not to make personal remarks," Alice said with some severity; "it's very rude."

The Hatter opened his eyes very wide on hearing this; but all he *said* was, "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?"

"Come, we shall have some fun now!" thought Alice. "I'm glad they've begun asking riddles.—I believe I can guess that," she added aloud.

"Do you mean that you think you can find out the answer to it?" said the March Hare.

"Exactly so," said Alice.

"Then you should say what you mean," the March Hare went on.

"I do," Alice hastily replied; "at least—at least I mean what I say—that's the same thing, you know."

"Not the same thing a bit!" said the Hatter. "Why, you might just as well say that 'I see what I eat' is the same thing as 'I eat what I see'!"

"You might just as well say," added the March Hare, "that 'I like what I get' is the same thing as 'I get what I like'!"

"You might just as well say," added the Dormouse, who seemed to be talking in his sleep, "that 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same thing as 'I sleep when I breathe'!"

"It is the same thing with you," said the Hatter, and here the conversation dropp'd, and the party sat silent for a minute, while Alice thought over all she could remember about ravens and writing-desks, which wasn't much.

The Hatter was the first to break the silence. "What day of the month is it?" he said, turning to Alice. He had taken his watch out of his pocket, and was looking at it uneasily, shaking it every now and then, and holding it to his ear.

Alice considered a little, and then said, "The fourth."  
"Two days wrong!" sighed the Hatter. "I told you butter wouldn't suit the works!" he added, looking angrily at the March Hare.

"It was the *best* butter," the March Hare meekly replied.



"Yes, but some crumbs must have got in as well," the Hatter grumbled. "You shouldn't have put it in with the bread-knife."

The March Hare took the watch and looked at it gloomily; then he dipped it into his cup of tea, and looked at it again; but he could think of nothing better to say than his first remark, "It was the *best* butter, you know."

Alice had been looking over his shoulder with some curiosity. "What a funny watch!" she remarked. "It tells the day of the month, and doesn't tell what o'clock it is!"

"Why should it?" muttered the Hatter. "Does *your* watch tell you what year it is?"

"Of course not," Alice replied very readily; "but that's because it stays the same year for such a long time together."

"Which is just the case with *mine*," said the Hatter.

Alice felt dreadfully puzzled. The Hatter's remark seemed to her to have no sort of meaning in it, and yet it was certainly English. "I don't quite understand you," she said as politely as she could.

"The Dormouse is asleep again," said the Hatter, and he poured a little hot tea on to its nose.

The Dormouse shook its head impatiently, and said, without opening its eyes, "Of course, of course; just what I was going to remark myself."

"Have you guessed the riddle yet?" the Hatter said, turning to Alice again.

"No, I give it up," Alice replied; "what's the answer?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," said the Hatter.

"Nor I," said the March Hare.

Alice sighed wearily. "I think you might do something better with the time," she said, "than wasting it in asking riddles that have no answers."

"If you knew Time as well as I do," said the Hatter, "you wouldn't talk about wasting *it*. It's *him*."

"I don't know what you mean," said Alice.

"Of course you don't!" the Hatter said, tossing his head contemptuously. "I dare say you never even spoke to Time!"

"Perhaps not," Alice cautiously replied; "but I know I have to beat time when I learn music."



Which words of the story suit this picture?

"Ah! that accounts for it," said the Hatter. "He won't stand beating. Now, if you only kept on good terms with him, he'd do almost anything you liked with the clock. For instance, suppose it were nine o'clock in the morning, just time to begin lessons: you'd only have to whisper a hint to Time, and round goes the clock in a twinkling! Half-past one, time for dinner!"

("I only wish it was," the March Hare said to itself in a whisper.)

"That would be grand, certainly," said Alice thoughtfully; "but then—I shouldn't be hungry for it, you know."

"Not at first, perhaps," said the Hatter; "but you could keep it to half-past one as long as you liked."

"Is that the way *you* manage?" Alice asked.

The Hatter shook his head mournfully. "Not I!" he replied. "We quarrelled last March—just before *he* went mad, you know—" (pointing with his teaspoon at the March Hare) "—it was at the great concert given by the Queen of Hearts, and I had to sing,—

'Twinkle, twinkle, little bat!  
How I wonder what you're at!'

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way,—

'Up above the world you fly,  
Like a tea-tray in the sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle—'

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep, "Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out, 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on, in a mournful tone, "he won't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh. "It's always tea-time, and we've no time to wash the things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving round, I suppose?" said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter—"as the things get used up."

"But when you come to the beginning again?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the subject," the March Hare interrupted, yawning. "I'm getting tired of this. I vote the young lady tells us a story."

"I'm afraid I don't know one," said Alice, rather alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse shall!" they both cried. "Wake up, Dormouse!" And they pinched it on both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened his eyes. "I wasn't asleep," he said in a hoarse, feeble voice; "I heard every word you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the March Hare.

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice.

"And be quick about it," added the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before it's done."

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry, "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well——"

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took a great interest in questions of eating and drinking.

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice gently remarked; "they'd have been ill."

"So they were," said the Dormouse; "*very* ill."

Alice tried a little to fancy to herself what such an extraordinary way of living would be like, but it puzzled her too much, so she went on: "But why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

"Take some more tea," the March Hare said to Alice very earnestly.

"I've had nothing yet," Alice replied in an offended tone, "so I can't take more."

"You mean you can't take *less*," said the Hatter; "it's very easy to take *more* than nothing."

"Nobody asked *your* opinion," said Alice.

"Who's making personal remarks now?" the Hatter asked triumphantly.

Alice did not quite know what to say to this; so she helped herself to some tea and bread-and-butter, and then turned to the Dormouse, and repeated her question: "Why did they live at the bottom of a well?"

The Dormouse again took a minute or two to think about it, and then said, "It was a treacle-well."

"There's no such thing!" Alice was beginning very angrily, but the Hatter and the March Hare went "Sh! sh!" and the Dormouse sulkily remarked, "If you can't be civil, you'd better finish the story for yourself."

"No, please go on!" Alice said very humbly; "I won't interrupt you again. I dare say there may be *one*."

"One indeed!" said the Dormouse indignantly. However, he consented to go on. "And so these

three little sisters—they were learning to draw, you know——”

“What did they draw?” said Alice, quite forgetting her promise.

“Treacle,” said the Dormouse, without considering at all this time.

“I want a clean cup,” interrupted the Hatter; “let’s all move one place on.”

He moved on as he spoke, and the Dormouse followed him; the March Hare moved into the Dormouse’s place, and Alice rather unwillingly took the place of the March Hare. The Hatter was the only one who got any advantage from the change; and Alice was a good deal worse off than before, as the March Hare had just upset the milk-jug into his plate.

Alice did not wish to offend the Dormouse again, so she began very cautiously: “But I don’t understand. Where did they draw the treacle from?”

“You can draw water out of a water-well,” said the Hatter; “so I should think you could draw treacle out of a treacle-well—eh, stupid?”

“But they were *in* the well,” Alice said to the Dormouse, not choosing to notice this last remark.

“Of course they were,” said the Dormouse—“well in.”

This answer so confused poor Alice that she let the Dormouse go on for some time without interrupting it.

“They were learning to draw,” the Dormouse went on, yawning and rubbing its eyes, for it was getting very sleepy; “and they drew all manner of things—everything that begins with an M——”

“Why with an M?” said Alice.

“Why not?” said the March Hare.

Alice was silent.

The Dormouse had closed its eyes by this time, and was going off into a doze; but, on being pinched by the Hatter, it woke up again with a little shriek, and

went on : " —that begins with an M, such as mouse-traps, and the moon, and memory, and muchness—you know you say things are ' much of a muchness ' ; —did you ever see such a thing as a drawing of a muchness ? "

" Really, now you ask me," said Alice, very much confused, " I don't think——"

" Then you shouldn't talk," said the Hatter.

This piece of rudeness was more than Alice could bear. She got up in great disgust, and walked off. The Dormouse fell asleep instantly, and neither of the others took the least notice of her going, though she looked back once or twice, half hoping that they would call after her ; the last time she saw them, they were trying to put the Dormouse into the teapot.

" At any rate, I'll never go *there* again ! " said Alice as she picked her way through the wood. " It's the stupidest tea-party I ever was at in all my life ! "

Just as she said this she noticed that one of the trees had a door leading right into it. " That's very curious ! " she thought. " But everything's curious to-day. I think I may as well go in at once." And in she went.

Once more she found herself in the long hall, and close to the little glass table. " Now, I'll manage better this time," she said to herself, and began by taking the little golden key, and unlocking the door that led into the garden. Then she set to work nibbling at the mushroom (she had kept a piece of it in her pocket) till she was about a foot high. Then she walked down the little passage ; and *then*—she found herself at last in the beautiful garden, among the bright flower-beds and the cool fountains.

## CHAPTER VIII

## THE QUEEN'S CROQUET-GROUND

A LARGE rose-tree stood near the entrance of the garden. The roses growing on it were white, but there were three gardeners at it, busily painting them red. Alice thought this a very curious thing, and she went nearer to watch them, and just as she came up to them she heard one of them say, "Look out now, Five! Don't go splashing paint over me like that!"

"I couldn't help it," said Five, in a sulky tone; "Seven jogged my elbow."

On which Seven looked up and said, "That's right, Five! Always lay the blame on others!" "*You'd* better not talk!" said Five. "I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded!"

"What for?" said the one who had spoken first.

"That's none of *your* business, Two!" said Seven.

"Yes, it *is* his business!" said Five, "and I'll tell him—it was for bringing the cook tulip roots instead of onions."

Seven flung down his brush, and had just begun, "Well, of all the unjust things—" when his eye chanced to fall upon Alice, as she stood watching them, and he checked himself suddenly. The others looked round also, and all of them bowed low.

"Would you tell me, please," said Alice, a little timidly, "why you are painting those roses?"

Five and Seven said nothing, but looked at Two. Two began, in a low voice, "Why, the fact is, you see,

Miss, this here ought to have been a *red* rose-tree, and we put a white one in by mistake ; and if the Queen was to find it out, we should all have our heads cut off, you know. So you see, Miss, we're doing our best, afore she comes, to—" At this moment Five, who had been anxiously looking across the garden, called out, "The Queen! the Queen!" and the three gardeners instantly threw themselves flat upon their faces. There was a sound of many footsteps, and Alice looked round, eager to see the Queen.



First came ten soldiers carrying clubs ; these were all shaped like the three gardeners, oblong and flat, with their hands and feet at the corners. Next the ten courtiers ; these were ornamented all over with diamonds, and walked two and two, as the soldiers did. After these came the royal children ; there were ten of them, and the little dears came jumping merrily along hand in hand, in couples : they were all ornamented with hearts.

Next came the guests, mostly Kings and Queens, and among them Alice recognized the White Rabbit ; it was talking in a hurried, nervous manner, smiling at everything that was said, and went by without noticing her. Then followed the Knave of Hearts, carrying the King's crown on a crimson velvet cushion. And, last of all this grand procession, came THE KING AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

Alice was rather doubtful whether she ought not to lie down on her face like the three gardeners, but she

could not remember ever having heard of such a rule at processions. "And besides, what would be the use of a procession," she thought, "if people had all to lie down on their faces, so that they couldn't see it?" So she stood still where she was, and waited.

When the procession came opposite to Alice, they all stopped and looked at her, and the Queen said severely, "Who is this?" She said it to the Knave of Hearts, who only bowed and smiled in reply.

"Idiot!" said the Queen, tossing her head impatiently; and, turning to Alice, she went on, "What's your name, child?"

"My name is Alice, so please your Majesty," said Alice very politely; but she added to herself, "Why, they're only a pack of cards, after all. I needn't be afraid of them!"

"And who are *these*?" said the Queen, pointing to the three gardeners, who were lying round the rose-tree; for, you see, as they were lying on their faces, and the pattern on their backs was the same as the rest of the pack, she could not tell whether they were gardeners, or soldiers, or courtiers, or three of her own children.

"How should *I* know?" said Alice, surprised at her own courage. "It's no business of *mine*."

The Queen turned crimson with fury, and, after glaring at her for a moment like a wild beast, began screaming, "Off with her head! Off——"

"Nonsense!" said Alice very loudly and decidedly, and the Queen was silent.

The King laid his hand upon her arm, and timidly said, "Consider, my dear; she is only a child!"

The Queen turned angrily away from him, and said to the Knave, "Turn them over!"

The Knave did so, very carefully, with one foot.

"Get up!" said the Queen, in a shrill, loud voice, and the three gardeners instantly jumped up, and

began bowing to the King, the Queen, the royal children, and everybody else.

"Leave off that!" screamed the Queen. "You make me giddy." And then turning to the rose-tree, she went on, "What *have* you been doing here?"

"May it please your Majesty," said Two, in a very



humble tone, going down on one knee as he spoke, "we were trying——"

"I see!" said the Queen, who had meanwhile been examining the roses. "Off with their heads!" and the procession moved on, three of the soldiers remaining behind to execute the unfortunate gardeners, who ran to Alice for protection.

"You shan't be beheaded!" said Alice, and she

put them into a large flower-pot that stood near. The three soldiers wandered about for a minute or two, looking for them, and then quietly marched off after the others.

"Are their heads off?" shouted the Queen.

"Their heads are gone, if it please your Majesty," the soldiers shouted in reply.

"That's right!" shouted the Queen. "Can you play croquet?"

The soldiers were silent, and looked at Alice, as the question was evidently meant for her.

"Yes!" shouted Alice.

"Come on then!" roared the Queen, and Alice joined the procession, wondering very much what would happen next.

"It's—it's a very fine day!" said a timid voice at her side. She was walking by the White Rabbit, who was peeping anxiously into her face.

"Very," said Alice; "where's the Duchess?"

"Hush! Hush!" said the Rabbit, in a low, hurried tone. He looked anxiously over his shoulder as he spoke, and then raised himself up on tiptoe, put his mouth close to her ear, and whispered, "She's under sentence of execution."

"What for?" said Alice.

"Did you say, 'What a pity'?" the Rabbit asked.

"No, I didn't," said Alice; "I don't think it's at all a pity. I said, 'What for?'"

"She boxed the Queen's ears—" the Rabbit began. Alice gave a little scream of laughter. "Oh, hush!" the Rabbit whispered in a frightened tone. "The Queen will hear you! You see she came rather late, and the Queen said——"

"Get to your places!" shouted the Queen in a voice of thunder, and people began running about in all directions, tumbling up against each other; however, they got settled down in a minute or two, and the game began.

Alice thought she had never seen such a curious croquet-ground in her life. It was all ridges and furrows; the croquet-balls were live hedgehogs, and the mallets live flamingoes; and the soldiers had to double themselves up and stand on their hands and feet to make the arches.

The chief difficulty Alice found at first was in managing her flamingo. She succeeded in getting its body tucked away comfortably enough under her arm, with its legs hanging down; but generally, just as she had got its neck nicely straightened out, and was going to give the hedgehog a blow with its head, it *would* twist itself round and look up into her face, with such a puzzled expression that she could not help bursting out laughing. And when she had got its head down, and was going to begin again, it was very provoking to find that the hedgehog had unrolled itself, and was in the act of crawling away. Besides all this, there was generally a ridge or a furrow in the way wherever she wanted to send the hedgehog to; and as the doubled-up soldiers were always getting up and walking off to other parts of the ground, Alice soon came to the conclusion that it was a very difficult game indeed.

The players all played at once without waiting for turns, quarrelling all the while, and fighting for the hedgehogs; and in a very short time the Queen was in a furious passion, and went stamping about and shouting, "Off with his head!" or "Off with her head!" about once in a minute.

Alice began to feel very uneasy. To be sure, she had not as yet had any dispute with the Queen, but she knew that it might happen any minute. "And then," thought she, "what would become of me? They're dreadfully fond of beheading people here; the great wonder is, that there's any one left alive!"

She was looking about for some way of escape, and wondering whether she could get away without being

seen, when she noticed a curious appearance in the air. It puzzled her very much at first, but after watching it a minute or two she made it out to be a grin, and she said to herself, "It's the Cheshire Cat; now I shall have somebody to talk to."

"How are you getting on?" said the Cat, as soon as there was mouth enough for it to speak with.

Alice waited till the eyes appeared, and then nodded. "It's no use speaking to it," she thought, "till its ears have come, or at least one of them." In another minute the whole head appeared, and then Alice put down her flamingo, and began an account of the game, feeling very glad she had some one to listen to her. The Cat seemed to think that there was enough of it now in sight, and no more of it appeared.

"I don't think they play at all fairly," Alice began, in rather a complaining tone; "and they all quarrel so dreadfully one can't hear one's self speak. And they don't seem to have any rules in particular; at least, if there are, nobody attends to them. And you've no idea how confusing it is all the things being alive: for instance, there's the arch I've got to go through next walking about at the other end of the ground; and I should have croqueted the Queen's hedgehog just now, only it ran away when it saw mine coming!"

"How do you like the Queen?" said the Cat, in a low voice.

"Not at all," said Alice; "she's so extremely—" Just then she noticed that the Queen was close behind her, listening; so she went on, "—likely to win, that it's hardly worth while finishing the game."

The Queen smiled and passed on.

"Whom *are* you talking to?" said the King, coming up to Alice, and looking at the Cat's head with great curiosity.

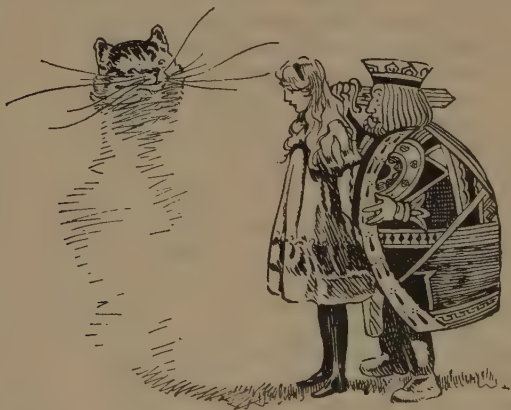
"It's a friend of mine—a Cheshire Cat," said Alice; "allow me to introduce it."

"I don't like the look of it at all," said the King; "however, it may kiss my hand if it likes."

"I'd rather not," the Cat remarked.

"Don't be impertinent," said the King; "and don't look at me like that!" He got behind Alice as he spoke.

"A cat may look at a king," said Alice. "I've read that in some book, but I don't remember where."



"Well, it must be removed," said the King very decidedly; and he called to the Queen, who was passing at the moment, "My dear, I wish you would have this cat removed."

The Queen had only one way of settling all difficulties, great or small. "Off with his head!" she said, without even looking round.

"I'll fetch the executioner myself," said the King eagerly, and he hurried off.

Alice thought she might as well go back and see how the game was going on, as she heard the Queen's

voice in the distance screaming with passion. She had already heard her sentence three of the players to be executed for having missed their turns ; and she did not like the look of things at all, as the game was in such confusion that she never knew whether it was her turn or not. So she went off in search of her hedgehog.

The hedgehog was engaged in a fight with another hedgehog, which seemed to Alice an excellent opportunity for croqueting one of them with the other. The only difficulty was that her flamingo was gone across to the other side of the garden, where Alice could see it trying in a helpless sort of way to fly up into a tree.

By the time she had caught the flamingo and brought it back the fight was over, and both the hedgehogs were out of sight. " But it doesn't matter much," thought Alice, " as all the arches are gone from this side of the ground." So she tucked it away under her arm, that it might not escape again, and went back to have a little more conversation with her friend.

When she got back to the Cheshire Cat, she was surprised to find quite a large crowd collected round it. There was a dispute going on between the executioner, the King, and the Queen, who were all talking at once ; while all the rest were quite silent, and looked very uncomfortable.

The moment Alice appeared she was appealed to by all three to settle the question, and they repeated their arguments to her, though, as they all spoke at once, she found it very hard to make out exactly what they said.

The executioner's argument was, that you couldn't cut off a head unless there was a body to cut it off from ; that he had never had to do such a thing before, and he wasn't going to begin at *his* time of life.

The King's argument was, that anything that had

a head could be beheaded, and that you weren't to talk nonsense.

The Queen's argument was, that if something wasn't done about it in less than no time, she'd have everybody executed all round. (It was this last remark that had made the whole party look so grave and anxious.)

Alice could think of nothing else to say but, "It belongs to the Duchess ; you'd better ask *her* about it."

"She's in prison," the Queen said to the executioner ; "fetch her here." And the executioner went off like an arrow.

The Cat's head began fading away the moment he was gone, and by the time he had come back with the Duchess it had entirely disappeared ; so the King and the executioner ran wildly up and down looking for it, while the rest of the party went back to the game.

## CHAPTER IX

## THE MOCK TURTLE'S STORY

"You can't think how glad I am to see you again, you dear old thing!" said the Duchess as she tucked her arm affectionately into Alice's, and they walked off together.

Alice was very glad to find her in such a pleasant temper, and thought to herself that perhaps it was only the pepper that had made her so savage when they met in the kitchen.

"When *I'm* a Duchess," she said to herself (not in a very hopeful tone though), "I won't have any pepper in my kitchen *at all*. Soup does very well without—Maybe it's always pepper that makes people hot-tempered," she went on, very much pleased at having found out a new kind of rule, "and vinegar that makes them sour—and camomile that makes them bitter—and—and barley-sugar and such things that make children sweet-tempered. I only wish people knew *that*; then they wouldn't be so stingy about it, you know——"

She had quite forgotten the Duchess by this time, and was a little startled when she heard her voice close to her ear. "You're thinking about something, my dear, and that makes you forget to talk. I can't tell you just now what the moral of that is, but I shall remember it in a bit."

"Perhaps it hasn't one," Alice ventured to remark.

"Tut, tut, child!" said the Duchess. "Every-

thing's got a moral, if only you can find it." And she squeezed herself up closer to Alice's side as she spoke.

Alice did not much like her keeping so close to her : first, because the Duchess was *very* ugly ; and secondly, because she was exactly the right height to rest her chin on Alice's shoulder, and it was an uncomfortably sharp chin. However, she did not like to be rude, so she bore it as well as she could. " The game's going on rather better now," she said, by way of keeping up the conversation a little.

" 'Tis so," said the Duchess ; " and the moral of that is—' Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love, that makes the world go round ! ' "

" Somebody said," Alice whispered, " that it's done by everybody minding their own business ! "

" Ah, well, it means much the same thing," said the Duchess, digging her sharp little chin into Alice's shoulder as she added ; " and the moral of *that* is—' Take care of the sense, and the sounds will take care of themselves.' "

" How fond she is of finding morals in things," Alice thought to herself.

" I dare say you're wondering why I don't put my arm round your waist," said the Duchess after a pause ; " the reason is, that I'm doubtful about the temper of your flamingo. Shall I try the experiment ? "

" He might bite," Alice cautiously replied, not feeling at all anxious to have the experiment tried.

" Very true," said the Duchess ; " flamingoes and mustard both bite. And the moral of that is—' Birds of a feather flock together.' "

" Only mustard isn't a bird," Alice remarked.

" Right, as usual," said the Duchess ; " what a clear way you have of putting things ! "

" It's a mineral, I *think*," said Alice.

" Of course it is," said the Duchess, who seemed



“Ah, well, it means much the same thing,”  
said the Duchess.

ready to agree to everything that Alice said ; “ there’s a large mustard-mine near here. And the moral of that is—‘ The more there is of mine, the less there is of yours.’ ”

“ Oh, I know ! ” exclaimed Alice, who had not



attended to this last remark, “ it’s a vegetable. It doesn’t look like one, but it is.”

“ I quite agree with you,” said the Duchess ; “ and the moral of that is—‘ Be what you would seem to be ’ —or, if you’d like it put more simply—‘ Never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others that what you were or might have been was

not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise.' "

" I think I should understand that better," Alice said very politely, " if I had it written down; but I can't quite follow it as you say it."

" That's nothing to what I could say if I chose," the Duchess replied in a pleased tone.

" Pray, don't trouble yourself to say it any longer than that," said Alice.

" Oh, don't talk about trouble," said the Duchess. " I make you a present of everything I've said as yet."

" A cheap sort of present ! " thought Alice. " I'm glad they don't give birthday presents like that ! " But she did not venture to say it out loud.

" Thinking again ? " the Duchess asked, with another dig of her sharp little chin.

" I've a right to think," said Alice sharply, for she was beginning to feel a little worried.

" Just about as much right," said the Duchess, " as pigs have to fly ; and the m——"

But here, to Alice's great surprise, the Duchess's voice died away, even in the middle of her favourite word " moral," and the arm that was linked into hers began to tremble. Alice looked up, and there stood the Queen in front of them, with her arms folded, frowning like a thunderstorm.

" A fine day, your Majesty," the Duchess began, in a low, weak voice.

" Now, I give you fair warning," shouted the Queen, stamping on the ground as she spoke ; " either you or your head must be off, and that in about half no time ! Take your choice."

The Duchess took her choice, and was gone in a moment.

" Let's go on with the game," the Queen said to Alice ; and Alice was too much frightened to say a word, but slowly followed her back to the croquet-ground.

The other guests had taken advantage of the Queen's absence, and were resting in the shade ; however, the moment they saw her, they hurried back to the game, the Queen merely remarking that a moment's delay would cost them their lives.

All the time they were playing the Queen never left off quarrelling with the other players, and shouting, " Off with his head ! " or " Off with her head ! " Those whom she sentenced were taken into custody by the soldiers, who of course had to leave off being arches to do this, so that by the end of half an hour or so there were no arches left, and all the players, except the King, the Queen, and Alice, were in custody and under sentence of execution.

Then the Queen left off, quite out of breath, and said to Alice, " Have you seen the Mock Turtle yet ? "

" No," said Alice. " I don't even know what a Mock Turtle is."

" It's the thing Mock Turtle Soup is made from," said the Queen.

" I never saw one, or heard of one," said Alice.

" Come on, then," said the Queen, " and he shall tell you his history."

As they walked off together, Alice heard the King say, in a low voice, to the company generally, " You are all pardoned." " Come, *that's* a good thing ! " she said to herself, for she had felt quite unhappy at the number of executions the Queen had ordered.

They very soon came upon a Gryphon, lying fast asleep in the sun. (If you don't know what a Gryphon is, look at the picture on page 90.) " Up, lazy thing ! " said the Queen, " and take this young lady to see the Mock Turtle, and to hear his history. I must go back and see after some executions I have ordered ; " and she walked off, leaving Alice alone with the Gryphon. Alice did not quite like the look of the creature, but

on the whole, she thought, it would be quite as safe to stay with it as to go after that savage Queen; so she waited.

The Gryphon sat up and rubbed its eyes; then it watched the Queen till she was out of sight; then it chuckled. "What fun!" said the Gryphon, half to itself, half to Alice.

"What is the fun?" said Alice.

"Why, *she*," said the Gryphon. "It's all her fancy, that; they never executes nobody, you know. Come on!"

"Everybody says 'Come on!' here," thought



Alice, as she went slowly after it; "I never was so ordered about in all my life, never!"

They had not gone far before they saw the Mock Turtle in the distance, sitting sad and lonely on a little ledge of rock, and, as they came nearer, Alice could hear him sighing as if his heart would break. She pitied him deeply. "What is his sorrow?" she asked the Gryphon; and the Gryphon answered, very nearly in the same words as before, "It's all his fancy, that; he hasn't got no sorrow, you know. Come on!"

So they went up to the Mock Turtle, who looked at them with large eyes full of tears, but said nothing.

"This here young lady," said the Gryphon, "she wants for to know your history, she do."

"I'll tell it her," said the Mock Turtle, in a deep, hollow tone; "sit down both of you, and don't speak a word till I've finished."

So they sat down, and nobody spoke for some minutes. Alice thought to herself, "I don't see how he can *ever* finish if he doesn't begin." But she waited patiently.



"Once," said the Mock Turtle at last, with a deep sigh, "I was a real Turtle."

These words were followed by a very long silence, broken only by an occasional exclamation of "Hjckrrh!" from the Gryphon, and the constant heavy sobbing of the Mock Turtle. Alice was very nearly getting up and saying, "Thank you, sir, for your interesting story;" but she could not help thinking there *must* be more to come, so she sat still and said nothing.

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle; we used to call him Tortoise——"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily; "really you are very dull!"

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for asking such a simple question," added the Gryphon; and then they both sat silent and looked at poor Alice, who felt ready to sink into the earth. At last the Gryphon said to the Mock Turtle, "Drive on, old fellow! Don't be all day about it!" and he went on in these words:—

"Yes, we went to school in the sea, though you mayn't believe it——"

"I never said I didn't!" interrupted Alice.

"You did," said the Mock Turtle.

"Hold your tongue!" added the Gryphon, before Alice could speak again.

The Mock Turtle went on:—

"We had the best of educations—in fact, we went to school every day——"

"*I've* been to a day-school, too," said Alice; "you needn't be so proud as all that."

"With extras?" asked the Mock Turtle a little anxiously.

"Yes," said Alice; "we learned French and music."

"And washing?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Certainly not!" said Alice indignantly.

"Ah! Then yours wasn't a really good school," said the Mock Turtle, in a tone of great relief. "Now at *ours* they had at the end of the bill, 'French, music, and washing—extra.'"

"You couldn't have wanted it much," said Alice, "living at the bottom of the sea."

"I couldn't afford to learn it," said the Mock Turtle with a sigh. "I only took the regular course."

"What was that?" inquired Alice.

"Reeling and Writhing, of course, to begin with," the Mock Turtle replied; "and then the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

"I never heard of 'Uglification,'" Alice ventured to say. "What is it?"

The Gryphon lifted up both its paws in surprise. "Never heard of uglifying!" it exclaimed. "You know what to beautify is, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Alice doubtfully; "it means—to—make—anything—prettier."

"Well, then," the Gryphon went on, "if you don't know what to uglify is, you *are* a simpleton."

Alice did not feel encouraged to ask any more questions about it, so she turned to the Mock Turtle and said, "What else had you to learn?"

"Well, there was Mystery," the Mock Turtle replied, counting off the subjects on his flappers—"Mystery, ancient and modern, with Seaography; then Drawling—the Drawling master was an old conger-eel, that used to come once a week: *he* taught us Drawling, Stretching, and Fainting in Coils."

"What was *that* like?" said Alice.

"Well, I can't show it you myself," the Mock Turtle said; "I'm too stiff. And the Gryphon never learnt it."

"Haden't time," said the Gryphon; "I went to the Classical master, though. He was an old crab, *he* was."

"I never went to him," the Mock Turtle said with a sigh; "he taught Laughing and Grief, they used to say."

"So he did, so he did," said the Gryphon, sighing in his turn, and both creatures hid their faces in their paws.

"And how many hours a day did you do lessons?" said Alice, in a hurry to change the subject.

"Ten hours the first day," said the Mock Turtle; "nine the next, and so on."

"What a curious plan!" exclaimed Alice.

"That's the reason they're called lessons," the Gryphon remarked, "because they lessen from day to day."

This was quite a new idea to Alice, and she thought it over a little before she made her next remark.

"Then the eleventh day must have been a holiday?"

"Of course it was," said the Mock Turtle.

"And how did you manage on the twelfth?" Alice went on eagerly.

"That's enough about lessons," the Gryphon interrupted in a very decided tone; "tell her something about the games now."

## CHAPTER X

## THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE

THE Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and drew the back of one flapper across his eyes. He looked at Alice and tried to speak, but for a minute or two sobs choked his voice. "Same as if he had a bone in his throat," said the Gryphon, and it set to work shaking him and punching him in the back. At last the Mock Turtle recovered his voice, and, with tears running down his cheeks, he went on again :—

"You may not have lived much under the sea"—("I haven't," said Alice)—"and perhaps you were never even introduced to a lobster"—(Alice began to say, "I once tasted—" but checked herself hastily, and said, "No, never")—"so you can have no idea what a delightful thing a Lobster Quadrille is !"

"No, indeed," said Alice. "What sort of a dance is it ?"

"Why," said the Gryphon, "you first form into a line along the seashore——"

"Two lines !" cried the Mock Turtle—"seals, turtles, salmon, and so on ; then, when you've cleared all the jelly-fish out of the way——"

"*That* generally takes some time," interrupted the Gryphon.

"—you advance twice——"

"Each with a lobster as a partner !" cried the Gryphon.



Which sentence in the story suits this picture?

"Of course," the Mock Turtle said; "advance twice, set to partners——"

"—change lobsters, and retire in same order," continued the Gryphon.

"Then, you know," the Mock Turtle went on, "you throw the——"

"The lobsters!" shouted the Gryphon, with a bound into the air.

"—as far out to sea as you can——"

"Swim after them!" screamed the Gryphon.

"Turn a somersault in the sea!" cried the Mock Turtle, capering wildly about.

"Change lobsters again!" yelled the Gryphon at the top of its voice.

"Back to land again, and—that's all the first figure," said the Mock Turtle, suddenly dropping his voice; and the two creatures, who had been jumping about like mad things all this time, sat down again very sadly and quietly, and looked at Alice.

"It must be a very pretty dance," said Alice timidly.

"Would you like to see a little of it?" said the Mock Turtle.

"Very much indeed," said Alice.

"Come, let's try the first figure!" said the Mock Turtle to the Gryphon. "We can do it without lobsters, you know. Which shall sing?"

"Oh, *you* sing," said the Gryphon. "I've forgotten the words."

So they began solemnly dancing round and round Alice, every now and then treading on her toes when they passed too close, and waving their fore-paws to mark the time, while the Mock Turtle sang this, very slowly and sadly :—

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail;  
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading  
on my tail."

See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance !  
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and  
join the dance ?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you  
join the dance ?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you  
join the dance ?

“ You can really have no notion how delightful it will be  
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters,  
out to sea ! ”

But the snail replied, “ Too far, too far ! ” and gave a  
look askance—



Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he would not  
join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, would  
not join the dance.

Would not, could not, would not, could not, could  
not join the dance.

“ What matters it how far we go ? ” his scaly friend  
replied,

“ There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.  
The further off from England the nearer is to France.  
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join  
the dance.

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you  
join the dance ?

Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't  
you join the dance ? ”

"Thank you, it's a very interesting dance to watch," said Alice, feeling very glad it was over at last; "and I do so like that curious song about the whiting!"

"Oh, as to the whiting," said the Mock Turtle, "they—you've seen them, of course?"

"Yes," said Alice, "I've often seen them at dinn—" she checked herself hastily.

"I don't know where Dinn may be," said the Mock Turtle; "but if you've seen them so often, of course you know what they're like."

"I believe so," Alice replied thoughtfully. "They have their tails in their mouths, and they're all over crumbs."

"You're wrong about the crumbs," said the Mock Turtle; "crumbs would all wash off in the sea. But they *have* their tails in their mouths; and the reason is—" Here the Mock Turtle yawned and shut his eyes. "Tell her about the reason and all that," he said to the Gryphon.

"The reason is," said the Gryphon, "that they *would* go with the lobsters to the dance. So they got thrown out to sea. So they had to fall a long way. So they got their tails fast in their mouths. So they couldn't get them out again. That's all."

"Thank you," said Alice, "it's very interesting. I never knew so much about a whiting before."

"I can tell you more than that, if you like," said the Gryphon. "Do you know why it's called a whiting?"

"I never thought about it," said Alice. "Why?"

"*It does the boots and shoes*," the Gryphon replied very solemnly.

Alice was thoroughly puzzled. "Does the boots and shoes!" she repeated, in a wondering tone.

"Why, what are *your* shoes done with?" said the Gryphon—"I mean, what makes them so shiny?"

Alice looked down at them, and considered a little before she gave her answer. "They're done with blacking, I believe."

"Boots and shoes under the sea," the Gryphon went on, in a deep voice, "are done with whiting. Now you know."

"And what are they made of?" Alice asked, in a tone of great curiosity.

"Soles and eels, of course," the Gryphon replied rather impatiently; "any shrimp could have told you that."

"If I'd been the whiting," said Alice, whose thoughts were still running on the song, "I'd have said to the porpoise, 'Keep back, please; we don't want *you* with us!'"

"They were obliged to have him with them," the Mock Turtle said; "no wise fish would go anywhere without a porpoise."

"Wouldn't it really?" said Alice, in a tone of great surprise.

"Of course not," said the Mock Turtle; "why, if a fish came to *me*, and told me he was going a journey, I should say, 'With what porpoise?'"

"Don't you mean 'purpose'?" said Alice.

"I mean what I say," the Mock Turtle replied, in an offended tone. And the Gryphon added, "Come, let's hear some of *your* adventures."

"I could tell you my adventures—beginning from this morning," said Alice a little timidly; "but it's no use going back to yesterday, because I was a different person then."

"Explain all that," said the Mock Turtle.

"No, no! the adventures first," said the Gryphon, in an impatient tone; "explanations take such a dreadful time."

So Alice began telling them her adventures from the time when she first saw the White Rabbit. She was a little nervous about it just at first, the two

creatures got so close to her, one on each side, and opened their eyes and mouths so *very* wide; but she gained courage as she went on. Her listeners were perfectly quiet till she got to the part about her repeating "You are old, Father William," to the Caterpillar, and the words all coming different, and then the Mock Turtle drew a long breath, and said, "That's very curious."

"It's all about as curious as it can be," said the Gryphon.

"It all came different!" the Mock Turtle repeated thoughtfully. "I should like to hear her try to repeat something now. Tell her to begin." He looked at the Gryphon as if he thought it had some kind of authority over Alice.

"Stand up and repeat 'Tis the voice of the slug-gard,'" said the Gryphon.

"How the creatures order one about, and make one repeat lessons!" thought Alice; "I might just as well be at school at once." However, she got up, and began to repeat it; but her head was so full of the Lobster Quadrille, that she hardly knew what she was saying, and the words came very queer indeed:—

"'Tis the voice of the Lobster; I heard him declare,  
'You have baked me too brown, I must sugar my hair.'  
As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose  
Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes."

"That's different from what I used to say when I was a child," said the Gryphon.

"Well, I never heard it before," said the Mock Turtle; "but it sounds uncommon nonsense."

Alice said nothing. She had sat down with her face in her hands, wondering if anything would *ever* happen in a natural way again.

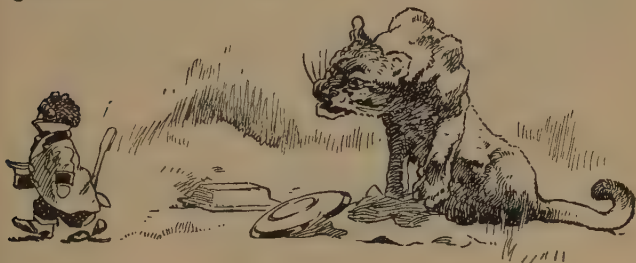
"I should like to have it explained," said the Mock Turtle.

"She can't explain it," said the Gryphon hastily.  
 "Go on with the next verse."

"But about his toes?" the Mock Turtle persisted.  
 "How *could* he turn them out with his nose, you know?"

"It's the first position in dancing," Alice said; but was dreadfully puzzled by the whole thing, and longed to change the subject.

"Go on with the next verse," the Gryphon repeated impatiently; "it begins, 'I passed by his garden.'"



Alice did not dare to disobey, though she felt sure it would all come wrong, and she went on in a trembling voice:—

"I passed by his garden, and marked, with one eye,  
 How the Owl and the Panther were sharing a pie—  
 The Panther took pie-crust, and gravy, and meat,  
 While the Owl had the dish as its share of the treat.  
 When the pie was all finished, the Owl, as a boon,  
 Was kindly permitted to pocket the spoon;  
 Whilst the Panther received knife and fork with a  
 growl,  
 And concluded the banquet by —————"

"What is the use of repeating all that stuff," the Mock Turtle interrupted, "if you don't explain it as

you go on ? It's by far the most confusing thing I ever heard."

"Yes, I think you'd better leave off," said the Gryphon, and Alice was only too glad to do so.

"Shall we try another figure of the Lobster Quadrille ?" the Gryphon went on. "Or would you like the Mock Turtle to sing you a song ?"

"Oh, a song, please, if the Mock Turtle would be so kind," Alice replied, so eagerly that the Gryphon said, in a rather offended tone, "H'm ! No accounting for tastes ! Sing her 'Turtle Soup,' will you, old fellow ?"

The Mock Turtle sighed deeply, and began, in a voice sometimes choked with sobs, to sing this :—

"Beautiful Soup, so rich and green,  
 Waiting in a hot tureen !  
 Who for such dainties would not stoop ?  
 Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup !  
 Soup of the evening, beautiful Soup !  
     Beau—ootiful Soo—oop !  
     Beau—ootiful Soo—oop !  
 Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,  
     Beautiful, beautiful Soup !

"Beautiful Soup ! Who cares for fish,  
 Game, or any other dish ?  
 Who would not give all else for two p  
 ennyworth only of beautiful Soup ?  
 Pennyworth only of beautiful Soup,  
     Beau—ootiful Soo—oop !  
     Beau—ootiful Soo—oop !  
 Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,  
     Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP !"

"Chorus again !" cried the Gryphon, and the Mock Turtle had just begun to repeat it when a cry of "The trial's beginning !" was heard in the distance.

"Come on !" cried the Gryphon, and, taking Alice

by the hand, it hurried off, without waiting for the end of the song.

“ What trial is it ? ” Alice panted as she ran ; but the Gryphon only answered, “ Come on ! ” and ran the faster, while more and more faintly came, carried on the breeze that followed them, the melancholy words :—

“ Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,  
Beautiful, beautiful Soup ! ”

## CHAPTER XI

## WHO STOLE THE TARTS ?

THE King and Queen of Hearts were seated on their throne when they arrived, with a great crowd assembled about them—all sorts of little birds and beasts, as well as the whole pack of cards. The Knave was standing before them, in chains, with a soldier on each side to guard him ; and near the King was the White Rabbit, with a trumpet in one hand and a scroll of parchment in the other. In the very middle of the court was a table, with a large dish of tarts upon it ; they looked so good, that it made Alice quite hungry to look at them. " I wish they'd get the trial done," she thought, " and hand round the refreshments ! " But there seemed to be no chance of this, so she began looking at everything about her to pass the time.

Alice had never been in a court of justice before, but she had read about them in books, and she was quite pleased to find that she knew the name of nearly everything there. " That's the judge," she said to herself, " because of his great wig."

The judge, by the way, was the King, and as he wore his crown over the wig, he did not look at all comfortable, and it was certainly not becoming.

" And that's the jury-box," thought Alice ; " and those twelve creatures " (she was obliged to say " creatures," you see, because some of them were animals, and some were birds), " I suppose they are

the jurors." She said this last word two or three times over to herself, being rather proud of it; for she thought, and rightly too, that very few little girls of her age knew the meaning of it at all. However, "jurymen" would have done just as well.

The twelve jurors were all writing very busily on slates. "What are they all doing?" Alice whispered to the Gryphon. "They can't have anything to put down yet, before the trial's begun."

"They're putting down their names," the Gryphon whispered in reply, "for fear they should forget them before the end of the trial."

"Stupid things!" Alice began in a loud indignant voice, but she stopped herself hastily, for the White Rabbit cried out, "Silence in the court!" and the King put on his spectacles and looked anxiously round, to make out who was talking.

Alice could see, as well as if she were looking over their shoulders, that all the jurors were writing down "stupid things!" on their slates, and she could even make out that one of them didn't know how to spell "stupid," and that he had to ask his neighbour to tell him. "A nice muddle their slates'll be in before the trial's over!" thought Alice.

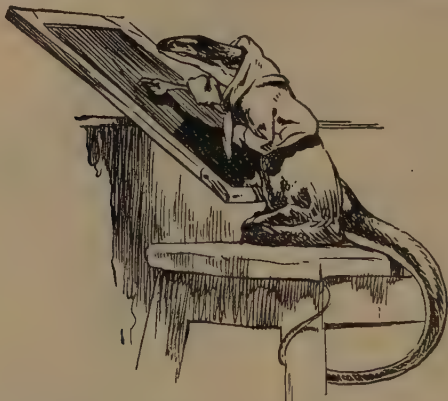
One of the jurors had a pencil that squeaked. This, of course, Alice could *not* stand, and she went round the court and got behind him, and very soon found an opportunity of taking it away. She did it so



quickly that the poor little juror (it was Bill, the Lizard) could not make out at all what had become of it ; so, after hunting all about for it, he was obliged to write with one finger for the rest of the day ; and this was of very little use, as it left no mark on the slate.

" Herald, read the accusation ! " said the King.

On this the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the



trumpet, and then unrolled the parchment scroll, and read as follows :—

" The Queen of Hearts, she made some tarts,  
All on a summer day :  
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts,  
And took them quite away ! "

" Consider your verdict," the King said to the jury.  
" Not yet, not yet ! " the Rabbit hastily interrupted. " There's a great deal to come before that."  
" Call the first witness," said the King ; and the White Rabbit blew three blasts on the trumpet, and called out, " First witness ! "

The first witness was the Hatter. He came in with a teacup in one hand, and a piece of bread-and-butter in the other. "I beg pardon, your Majesty," he began, "for bringing these in; but I hadn't quite finished my tea when I was sent for."

"You ought to have finished," said the King. "When did you begin?"

The Hatter looked at the March Hare, who had followed him into the court, arm-in-arm with the Dormouse. "Fourteenth of March, I *think* it was," he said.

"Fifteenth," said the March Hare.

"Sixteenth," added the Dormouse.

"Write that down," the King said to the jury, and the jury eagerly wrote down all three dates on their slates, and then added them up, and reduced the answer to shillings and pence.

"Take off your hat," the King said to the Hatter.

"It isn't mine," said the Hatter.

"*Stolen!*" the King exclaimed, turning to the jury, who instantly made a memorandum of the fact.

"I keep them to sell," the Hatter added as an explanation; "I've none of my own. I'm a Hatter."

Here the Queen put on her spectacles, and began staring hard at the Hatter, who turned pale and fidgeted.

"Give your evidence," said the King; "and don't be nervous, or I'll have you executed on the spot."

This did not seem to encourage the witness at all; he kept shifting from one foot to the other, looking uneasily at the Queen, and in his confusion he bit a large piece out of his teacup instead of the bread-and-butter.

Just at this moment Alice felt a very curious sensation, which puzzled her a good deal until she made out what it was: she was beginning to grow larger again, and she thought at first she would get up and leave the court; but on second thoughts she de-

cided to remain where she was as long as there was room for her.

"I wish you wouldn't squeeze so," said the Dormouse, who was sitting next to her. "I can hardly breathe."

"I can't help it," said Alice very meekly; "I'm growing."

"You've no right to grow *here*," said the Dormouse.

"Don't talk nonsense," said Alice more boldly; "you know you're growing too."

"Yes, but *I* grow at a reasonable pace," said the Dormouse; "not in that ridiculous fashion." And he got up very sulkily and crossed over to the other side of the court.

All this time the Queen had never left off staring at the Hatter, and just as the Dormouse crossed the court, she said to one of the officers of the court, "Bring me the list of the singers in the last concert!"—on which the wretched Hatter trembled so, that he shook both his shoes off.

"Give your evidence," the King repeated angrily, "or I'll have you executed, whether you're nervous or not."

"I'm a poor man, your Majesty," the Hatter began in a trembling voice, "and I hadn't but just begun my tea—not above a week or so—and what with the bread-and-butter getting so thin—and the twinkling of the tea——"

"The twinkling of *what*?" said the King.

"It *began* with the tea," the Hatter replied.

"Of course, twinkling begins with a T!" said the King sharply. "Do you take me for a dunce? Go on!"

"I'm a poor man," the Hatter went on, "and most things twinkled after that—only the March Hare said——"

"I didn't!" the March Hare interrupted in a great hurry.

"You did!" said the Hatter.

"I deny it!" said the March Hare.

"He denies it!" said the King; "leave out that part."

"Well, at any rate, the Dormouse said—" the Hatter went on, looking anxiously round to see if he could deny it too; but the Dormouse denied nothing, being fast asleep.

"After that," continued the Hatter, "I cut some more bread-and-butter——"

"But what did the Dormouse say?" one of the jury asked.

"That I can't remember," said the Hatter.

"You *must* remember," remarked the King, "or I'll have you executed."

The miserable Hatter dropped his teacup and bread-and-butter, and went down on one knee. "I'm a poor man, your Majesty," he began.

"You're a *very* poor speaker," said the King.

Here one of the guinea-pigs cheered, and was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court. (As that is rather a hard word, I will just explain to you how it was done. They had a large canvas bag, which tied up at the mouth with strings; into this they slipped the guinea-pig, head first, and then sat upon it.)

"I'm glad I've seen that done," thought Alice.



"I've so often read in the newspapers, at the end of trials, 'There was some attempt at applause, which was immediately suppressed by the officers of the court,' and I never understood what it meant till now."

"If that's all you know about it, you may stand down," continued the King.

"I can't go no lower," said the Hatter; "I'm on the floor as it is."

"Then you may *sit* down," the King replied.

Here the other guinea-pig cheered, and was suppressed.

"Come, that finishes the guinea-pigs!" thought Alice. "Now we shall get on better."

"I'd rather finish my tea," said the Hatter, with an anxious look at the Queen, who was reading the list of singers.

"You may go," said the King, and the Hatter hurriedly left the court, without even waiting to put his shoes on.

"And just take his head off outside," the Queen added to one of the officers; but the Hatter was out of sight before the officer could get to the door.

"Call the next witness!" said the King.

The next witness was the Duchess's cook. She carried the pepper-box in her hand, and Alice guessed who it was, even before she got into the court, by the way the people near the door began sneezing all at once.

"Give your evidence," said the King.

"Shan't," said the cook.

The King looked anxiously at the White Rabbit, who said, in a low voice, "Your Majesty must cross-examine *this* witness."

"Well, if I must, I must," the King said with a melancholy air; and, after folding his arms and frowning at the cook till his eyes were nearly out of sight, he said in a deep voice, "What are tarts made of?"

"Pepper, mostly," said the cook.

"Treacle," said a sleepy voice behind her.

"Collar that Dormouse!" the Queen shrieked out.

"Behead that Dormouse! Turn that Dormouse out of court! Suppress him! Pinch him! Off with his whiskers!"

For some minutes the whole court was in confusion, getting the Dormouse turned out, and by the time they had settled down again the cook had disappeared.

"Never mind!" said the King, with an air of great relief. "Call the next witness." And he added in an undertone to the Queen, "Really, my dear, *you* must cross-examine the next witness. It quite makes my forehead ache!"

Alice watched the White Rabbit as he fumbled over the list, feeling very curious to see what the next witness would be like—"For they haven't got much evidence *yet*," she said to herself. Imagine her surprise when the White Rabbit read out, at the top of his shrill little voice, the name "Alice!"

## CHAPTER XII

## ALICE'S EVIDENCE

"HERE!" cried Alice, quite forgetting in the flurry of the moment how large she had grown in the last few minutes, and she jumped up in such a hurry that she tipped over the jury-box with the edge of her skirt, upsetting all the jurymen on to the heads of the crowd below; and there they lay sprawling about, reminding her very much of a globe of gold-fish she had accidentally upset the week before.

"Oh, I *beg* your pardon!" she exclaimed, in a tone of great dismay, and began picking them up again as quickly as she could; for the accident of the gold-fish kept running in her head, and she had a vague sort of idea that they must be collected at once and put back into the jury-box, or they would die.

"The trial cannot proceed," said the King in a very grave voice, "until all the jurymen are back in their proper places—*all*," he repeated with great emphasis, looking hard at Alice as he said so.

Alice looked at the jury-box, and saw that in her haste she had put the Lizard in head downwards, and the poor little thing was waving its tail about in a melancholy way, being quite unable to move. She soon got it out again, and put it right. "Not that it signifies much," she said to herself; "I should think it would be *quite* as much use in the trial one way up as the other."

As soon as the jury had a little recovered from the



“Here!” cried Alice.

shock of being upset; and their slates and pencils had been found and handed back to them, they set to work very diligently to write out a history of the accident—all except the Lizard, who seemed too much overcome to do anything but sit with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court.

“What do you know about this business?” the King said to Alice.

“Nothing,” said Alice.

“Nothing *whatever*?” persisted the King.

“Nothing whatever,” said Alice.

“That’s very important,” the King said, turning to the jury. They were just beginning to write this down on their slates, when the White Rabbit interrupted: “*Unimportant*, your Majesty means, of course,” he said, in a very respectful tone, but frowning and making faces at him as he spoke.

“*Unimportant*, of course, I meant,” the King hastily said, and went on to himself in an undertone, “important — unimportant — unimportant — important—” as if he were trying which word sounded best.

Some of the jury wrote it down “important,” and some “unimportant.” Alice could see this, as she was near enough to look over their slates; “but it doesn’t matter a bit,” she thought to herself.

At this moment the King, who had been for some time busily writing in his notebook, called out “Silence!” and read out from his book “Rule Forty-two. *All persons more than a mile high to leave the court.*”

Everybody looked at Alice.

“I’m not a mile high,” said Alice.

“You are,” said the King.

“Nearly two miles high,” added the Queen.

“Well, I shan’t go, at any rate,” said Alice; “besides, that’s not a regular rule: you invented it just now.”

"It's the oldest rule in the book," said the King.

"Then it ought to be Number One," said Alice.

The King turned pale, and shut his notebook hastily. "Consider your verdict," he said to the jury, in a low trembling voice.

"There's more evidence to come yet, please your Majesty," said the White Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry; "this paper has just been picked up."

"What's in it?" said the Queen.

"I haven't opened it yet," said the White Rabbit, "but it seems to be a letter, written by the prisoner to—to somebody."

"It must have been that," said the King, "unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know."

"Whom is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen.

"It isn't directed at all," said the White Rabbit; "in fact, there's nothing written on the *outside*." He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added, "It isn't a letter after all; it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the White Rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the King. (The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please your Majesty," said the Knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did; there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the King, "that only makes the matter worse. You *must* have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this: it was the first really clever thing the King had said that day.

"That *proves* his guilt," said the Queen.

"It proves nothing of the sort!" said Alice.

"Why, you don't even know what they're about!"

"Read them," said the King.

The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. "Where shall I begin, please your Majesty?" he asked.

"Begin at the beginning," the King said gravely, "and go on till you come to the end; then stop."

These were the verses the White Rabbit read:—

"They told me you had been to her,  
And mentioned me to him :  
She gave me a good character,  
But said I could not swim.

He sent them word I had not gone  
(We know it to be true) :  
If she should push the matter on,  
What would become of you ?

I gave her one, they gave him two,  
You gave us three or more ;  
They all returned from him to you,  
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be  
Involved in this affair,  
He trusts to you to set them free,  
Exactly as we were.

My notion was that you had been  
(Before she had this fit)  
An obstacle that came between  
Him, and ourselves, and it.

Don't let him know she liked them best  
For this must ever be  
A secret, kept from all the rest,  
Between yourself and me."

"That's the most important piece of evidence we've heard yet," said the King, rubbing his hands; "so now let the jury——"

"If any one of them can explain it," said Alice (she had grown so large in the last few minutes that she wasn't a bit afraid of interrupting him), "I'll give him sixpence. I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it."

The jury all wrote down on their slates, "*She doesn't believe there's an atom of meaning in it,*" but none of them attempted to explain the paper.

"If there's no meaning in it," said the King, "that saves a world of trouble, you know, as we needn't try to find any. And yet I don't know," he went on, spreading out the verses on his knee, and looking at them with one eye; "I seem to see some meaning in them, after all. '*said I could not swim.*' You can't swim, can you?" he added, turning to the Knave.

The Knave shook his head sadly. "Do I look like it?" he said. (Which he certainly did *not*, being made entirely of cardboard.)

"All right, so far," said the King, and he went on muttering over the verses to himself: "'*We know it to be true—*' that's the jury, of course—'*I gave her one, they gave him two—*' why, that must be what he did with the tarts, you know——"

"But it goes on, '*they all returned from him to you,*'" said Alice.

"Why, there they are!" said the King, triumphantly pointing to the tarts on the table. "Nothing can be clearer than *that*. Then again—'*before she had this fit—*' you never had fits, my dear, I think?" he said to the Queen.

"Never!" said the Queen furiously, throwing an inkstand at the Lizard as she spoke. (The unfortunate little Bill had left off writing on his slate with one

finger, as he found it made no mark ; but he now hastily began again, using the ink, that was trickling down his face, as long as it lasted.)

“ Then the words don't *fit* you,” said the King, looking round the court with a smile. There was a dead silence.

“ It's a pun ! ” the King added, in an angry tone, and everybody laughed.

“ Let the jury consider their verdict,” the King said, for about the twentieth time that day.

“ No, no ! ” said the Queen. “ Sentence first—verdict afterwards.”

“ Stuff and nonsense ! ” said Alice loudly. “ The idea of having the sentence first ! ”

“ Hold your tongue ! ” said the Queen, turning purple.

“ I won't ! ” said Alice.

“ Off with her head ! ” the Queen shouted at the top of her voice. Nobody moved.

“ Who cares for you ? ” said Alice (she had grown to her full size by this time). “ You're nothing but a pack of cards ! ”

At this the whole pack rose up into the air, and came flying down upon her. She gave a little scream, half of fright and half of anger, and tried to beat them off, and found herself lying on the bank, with her head in the lap of her sister, who was gently brushing away some dead leaves that had fluttered down from the trees on to her face.

“ Wake up, Alice dear ! ” said her sister ; “ why, what a long sleep you've had ! ”

“ Oh, I've had such a curious dream ! ” said Alice, and she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, all these strange Adventures of hers that you have just been reading about ; and when she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, “ It *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly ; but now run in to your tea—it's getting late.” So Alice got up and ran

off, thinking while she ran, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

---

But her sister sat still just as she had left her, leaning her head on her hand, watching the setting sun, and thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream :—

First, she dreamed of little Alice herself :—Once again the tiny hands were clasped upon her knee, and the bright eager eyes were looking up into hers ; she could hear the very tones of her voice, and see that queer little toss of her head, to keep back the wandering hair that *would* always get into her eyes. And still as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.

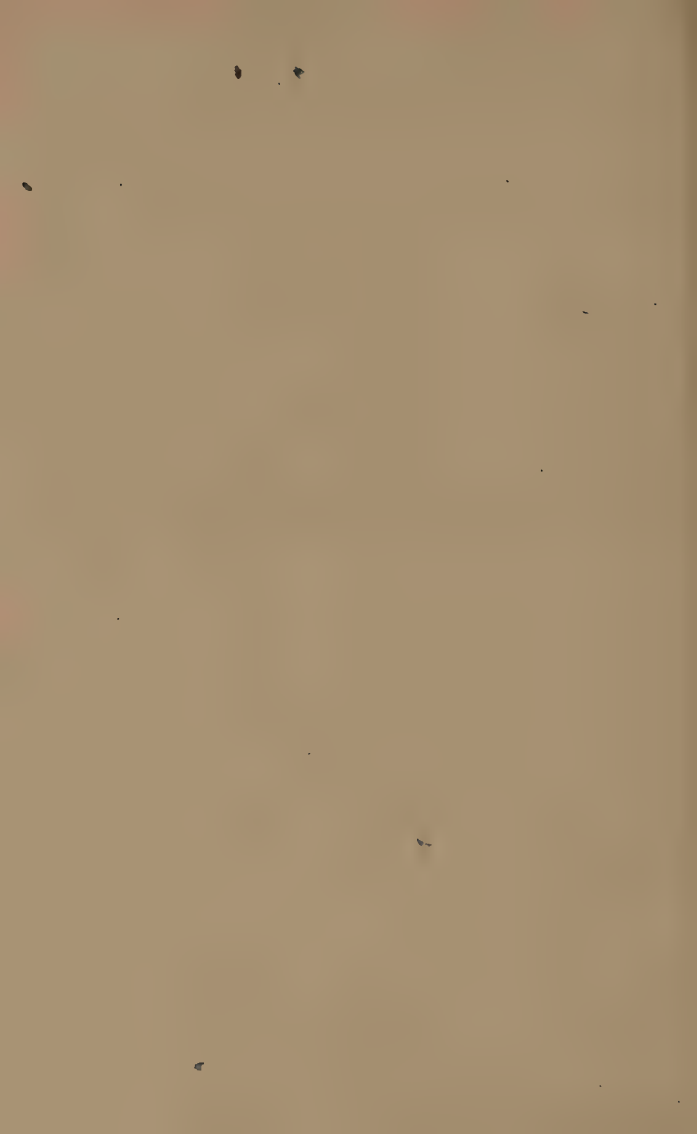
The long grass rustled at her feet as the White Rabbit hurried by ; the frightened Mouse splashed his way through the neighbouring pool ; she could hear the rattle of the teacups as the March Hare and his friends shared their never-ending meal, and the shrill voice of the Queen ordering off her unfortunate guests to execution. Once more the pig-baby was sneezing on the Duchess's knee, while plates and dishes crashed around it ; once more the shriek of the Gryphon, the squeaking of the Lizard's slate-pencil, and the choking of the suppressed guinea-pigs filled the air, mixed up with the distant sobs of the miserable Mock Turtle.

So she sat on, with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again and all would change to dull reality : the grass would be only rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds ; the rattling teacups would change to the tinkling sheep-

bells, and the Queen's shrill cries to the voice of the shepherd-boy ; and the sneeze of the baby, the shriek of the Gryphon, and the other queer noises, would change (she knew) to the confused clamour of the busy farmyard, while the lowing of the cattle in the distance would take the place of the Mock Turtle's heavy sobs.

Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the after-time, be herself a grown woman ; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood ; and how she would gather about her other little children, and make *their* eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago ; and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child-life and the happy summer days.

ON THINKING IT OVER



## ON THINKING IT OVER

*(A Few Remarks which may be found Amusing, and  
which Lewis Carroll never made)*

Look at the poem on pages v. and vi. Find a double word in the third line of the fourth stanza. Now turn to page 9 and count down to the fifteenth line. Note the first word in this line. Now tell what had happened before Alice's Adventures began.

This makes us feel comfortable. Any-  
thing can happen and does happen *Chapter I.*  
when you are a dream-child, and you  
don't even need to go to sleep to make it happen,  
though it is a good thing to close your eyes so as to  
shut out the things that might get in the way. You  
might, if you dreamt very hard, have even stranger  
Adventures than Alice, such as a boxing-match with  
an omnibus.

Look again at the fourth stanza, and find the line that is printed on the title-page of this book. Don't you think it is a good motto for the story? No boy or girl who knows *Alice in Wonderland* was ever known to be cruel to a Dodo or even a Gryphon, nor would he (and still less she) treat a Cat with disrespect, whether a Cheshire or a Cheddar or a Gorgonzola. You will notice that even in her fall Alice thought of Dinah and her saucer of milk. I wonder whether you would have done so under the peculiar upsetting circumstances?

You will notice that Wonderland is well out of the

way of the ordinary kind of Land. Alice had to go *down* to get to it. Some people go *up*, and then other people who are fixed, and never go down or up, call them star-gazers. If you want a game for a rainy day try to write a new story beginning with some one who went *up* to Wonderland. You might at least begin it.

Did Alice enter the "long low hall" by one of the doors?

Artists are very clever, but you can find a mistake in the picture on page 13. Now don't all speak at once. Perhaps you can draw the picture as it ought to be drawn.

What "simple rule" had the boy in the picture on page 14 forgotten?

I wonder what the glass table looked like; whether, for example, it had Queen Anne legs. Perhaps you can draw it as you see it in the eye of your mind.

If you had Alice's bottle and cake, on what occasions would you find them useful?

Perhaps you do not know what  
*Chapter II.* verses Alice was trying to remember.  
 Here they are:—

"How doth the little busy bee  
 Improve each shining hour,  
 And gather honey all the day  
 From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell!  
 How neat she spreads the wax!  
 And labours hard to store it well  
 With the sweet food she makes."

Wonderland appears to have a strange effect upon well-known pieces of poetry. If "Mary had a little lamb" had come into Alice's head instead of "How doth the little busy bee," how do you think it would have gone? Perhaps the beginning would have been

"Betty had a pussy cat,"

and then it would have gone on in some strange way. Perhaps you can finish it with rhymes like *milk* and *silk* or any others you choose ; but be careful to choose better ones than *wax* and *makes*.

It was either a French mouse or a well-educated English one that Alice met in the Pool of Tears. Of course *you* can tell how old the Mouse must have been if it came over with William the Conqueror. There is a good rule for Conversational Manners in Alice's first talk with the Mouse. Perhaps you could put it into verses ; beginning,—

“ Don't mention green peas to a Lamb  
Or fried eggs to a Pig.”

The Lory has a place in the encyclopædia, and seems to belong to the Parrot family, but the Dodo is like a volcano that does not erupt. The incident of the thimble reminds one *Chapter III.* of Wendy's thimble in *Peter Pan*. Do you think Alice would have been pleased to receive a thimble of this kind—from the Dodo ?

People don't come into Alice's story with proper introductions ; they just happen, like the animals in the Pool of Tears. It is a very jolly way to write stories, and saves a great deal of trouble. What a pity that the cheer the animals gave when Alice was presented with the thimble could not have been broadcasted. Perhaps you can invent a cheer for the Dodo. Who is patting whom on the back on page 28 ?

In the midst of Wonderland the heart of Alice is always at home. Do you agree ? If so, why ? How does the artist show how small Alice is in the picture on page 41 ? *Chapter IV.* Do you think these scenes would make a good film ? (You must consider how far the fun of the story depends upon the conversations, which

cannot be shown on the screen.) Would it be easy to act the scene in the house? If not, where would the difficulty come in?

What costume would be most suitable for the Caterpillar, considering that it smoked a hookah? Make a sketch of the pipe.

The Caterpillar was somewhat of a trial, though Alice was politeness itself. Of course, you would like to know how the Father William poem

*Chapter V.* sounded before it made its way to Wonderland. Here it is:—

### FATHER WILLIAM

“ You are old, Father William,” the young man cried ;

“ The few locks that are left you are grey :  
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man ;  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“ In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,

“ I remembered that youth would fly fast ;  
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,  
That I never might need them at last.”

“ You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,

“ And pleasures with youth pass away ;  
And yet you lament not the days that are gone ;  
Now tell me the reason, I pray.”

“ In the days of my youth,” Father William replied,

“ I remembered that youth could not last ;  
I thought of the future, whatever I did,  
That I never might grieve for the past.”

“ You are old, Father William,” the young man cried,

“ And life must be hastening away ;  
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death ;  
Now tell me the reason I pray.”

" I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied ;  
" Let the cause thy attention engage ;  
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,  
And He hath not forgotten my age !"

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The Caterpillar is a good teacher of spoken English. You will find a useful hint near the top of page 47. Of course, *you* don't need a hint of this kind.

The story seems to happen anyhow, and to have no connection. But the Duchess has been mentioned before, as you will probably remember, and by an old friend, W. R., Esq., who *Chapter VI.* is to appear again. Perhaps you can draw the Fish Footman " sitting on the ground and staring stupidly up into the sky." Anyhow it is well worth trying. It is a good game to answer a question by another (but not in polite private life, of course) and see where it leads you.

Another pretty piece of poetry gone wrong. This is how it looked in Alice's poetry book at home:—

### SPEAK GENTLY

Speak gently !—It is better far  
To rule by love than fear—  
Speak gently—let not harsh words mar  
The good we might do here !

Speak gently !—love doth whisper low  
The vows that true hearts bind ;  
And gently Friendship's accents flow,—  
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child !  
Its love be sure to gain ;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild,  
It may not long remain.

## ON THINKING IT OVER

Speak gently to the young, for they  
 Will have enough to bear ;  
 Pass through this life as best they may,  
 'Tis full of anxious care !

Speak gently to the aged one,  
 Grieve not the careworn heart ;  
 The sands of life are nearly run,  
 Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor—  
 Let no harsh tone be heard ;  
 They have enough they must endure,  
 Without an unkind word !

Speak gently to the erring—know  
 They may have toiled in vain ;  
 Perchance unkindness made them so ;  
 Oh ! win them back again !

Which little bit on page 62 do you like best of all? Perhaps you could draw vanishing pictures of the Cheshire Cat ending with a picture of the grin. It is quite easy even outside of Wonderland. By the way, what use could *you* make of the right and left bits of mushroom?

This chapter makes a good play because it is fairly quiet, and the creatures in it, including Alice, keep their own shapes throughout, and the  
*Chapter VII.* Dormouse does not need to go *right* into the teapot, and it is fairly easy to get the things required for the play and to dress up as required.

A good game can be made of "I like what I get—I get what I like," and it might very properly be called "Inversions." You might begin with "I get what I want," and the winner is the one who, like the Dormouse, makes it mean the same both ways. What would you do if you were on good terms with Time? Of course, you know the sweet little poem which goes

wrong on page 68? (We won't offend you by printing it.) What other eggs besides those of the Pigeon could Alice the Serpent have found in the tree-tops?

In the first part of this chapter the writer works cleverly up to three words, which are printed near the middle of page 75. Then we know in a flash what Two and Five and Seven *Chapter VIII.* are. Look at a pack of cards and see what a very bright procession it would be, with black streaks here and there. It is a long time ago since some one made up some nursery rhymes about the people shown in a pack of cards, but then cards are a very old historic game, probably invented by the Mammoth to while away the time when it was changing into the Elephant! Are you quite pleased with the picture on page 76? If not, you are hereby allowed to criticize it, and then re-draw it as you think it ought to be done.

Did the soldiers tell the truth to the Queen? If not, perhaps this was the first White Lie! You never can tell. Compare the pictures of the Queen and the King on pages 76 and 80 with those on a pack of cards, and make a drawing of the Knave of Hearts. Is there a Duchess in the pack?

There is some fun in finding more examples of the working of the "new kind of rule" mentioned on page 83. There is a great deal of sense in something said by the Duchess on *Chapter IX.* page 84, something worth thinking out, though it is a little serious and you can pass it over if you like. You see the "birds of a feather" flocking together on page 86, and the picture proves the truth of the saying, doesn't it? Of course you understand very clearly what the Duchess says near the foot of page 86 and at the top of page 87 now that it has been printed. Perhaps you can extend another moral in a similar way.

What are the nearest relatives of the Gryphon? And where had he really been to school? You can

find out how he would spell "cough" (phonetically) somewhere on page 90.

Still another pretty poem gone wrong. (Alice must have had quite a different poetry book from yours.)

*Chapter X.* If you read the first verse you will find how completely it got muddled up in Wonderland :—

" 'Will you walk into my parlour,' said the Spider to the Fly,  
 "'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy ;  
 The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,  
 And I have many curious things to show when you are there.' "

In fact, as you make your comparisons, you find that only the sound of it is left—like the grin of the Cheshire Cat !

It would be hard to make a worse pun than that about the porpoise, but it has been done many times, and it is highly *punishable*, as every schoolboy knows, especially the one who once said that he went down to the fishmonger's "on a porpoise to get some fish," which was, as you know, not only a bad pun but also bad grammar. Here is the next poem of which "the words came very queer indeed" :—

### THE SLUGGARD

'Tis the voice of a sluggard ; I heard him complain,  
 " You have waked me too soon ; I must slumber again ; "  
 As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed  
 Turns his sides, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

" A little more sleep and a little more slumber ; "  
 Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without  
 number ;  
 And when he gets up he sits folding his hands  
 Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.

I passed by his garden, and saw the wild brier,  
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher ;  
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags ;  
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find,  
That he took better care for improving his mind ;  
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking :  
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, " Here's a lesson for me ;"  
That man's but a picture of what I might be ;  
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,  
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

ISAAC WATTS.

" Rags—begs." What a rhyme !

It is very clear how the Panther's banquet was concluded, and Alice's verse as well. The song of the Mock Turtle is another memory of an old song about " Star of the Evening—beautiful Star ! "

How many would there be of " the whole pack of cards " ? In our time " jurymen " would not have " done just as well," would it ? You know now which picture in the early *Chapter XI.* part of this book really belongs to this chapter ; but W. R., Esq., was placed right at the beginning because, in a way, he joins up the whole story together so that, as it were, it does not creak or rattle, at least not so much as might be expected for such a jumbled tale.

You will notice how some of the earlier figures in the story come into it again near the end.

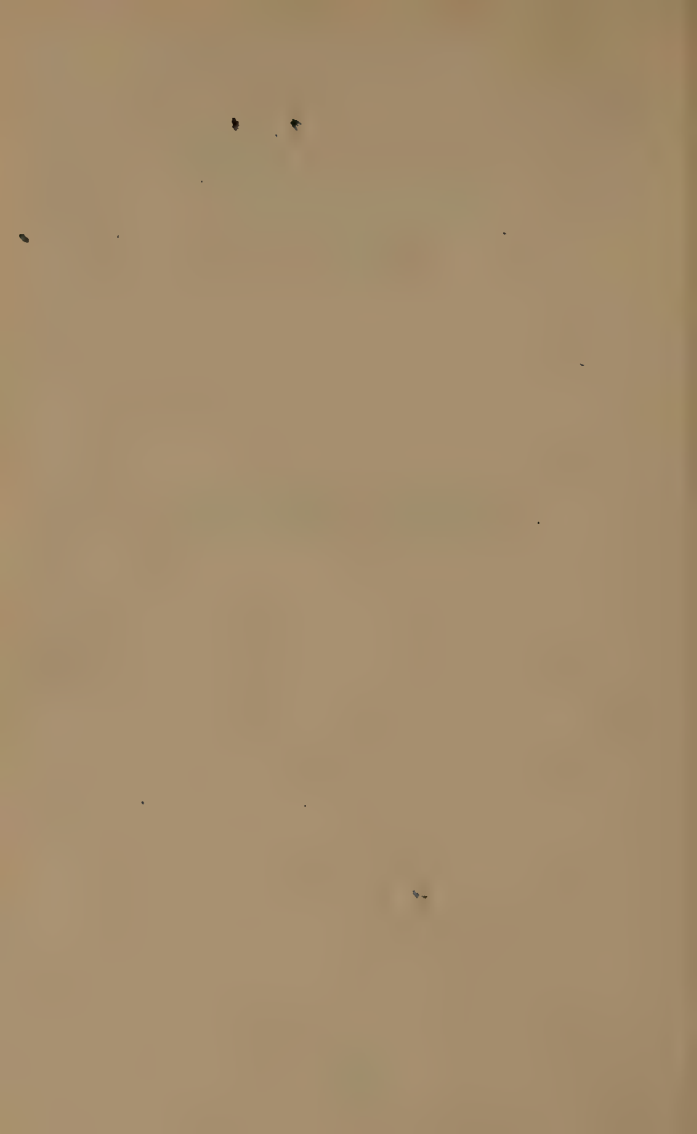
There is a good picture of the Lizard sitting " with its mouth open, gazing up into the roof of the court," which calls out loudly to be drawn.

It is easier to write sensible verses *Chapter XII.* than nonsensical ones, as you will find out if you try to make an extra verse to add to those on page 116. The style of the writing changes in the

last part of this chapter. You shall not be asked what you think about these last paragraphs, or you may feel that you are being "examined"—horrid word! And the writer wants us to feel rather than think as we close this story. But if you are interested in the real Alice—there *was* a real Alice—you will find something about her on pages 155-158 of this book.

But you need not look unless you choose.

## BRUNO'S REVENGE



## BRUNO'S REVENGE

(*"Aunt Judy's Magazine," December 1867*)

It was a very hot afternoon—too hot to go for a walk or do anything—or else it wouldn't have happened, I believe.

In the first place, I want to know why fairies should always be teaching *us* to do our duty, and lecturing *us* when we go wrong, and we should never teach *them* anything? You can't mean to say that fairies are never greedy, or selfish, or cross, or deceitful, because that would be nonsense, you know. Well then, don't you agree with me that they might be all the better for a little scolding and punishing now and then?

I really don't see why it shouldn't be tried, and I'm almost sure (only *please* don't repeat this loud in the woods) that if you could only catch a fairy, and put it in the corner, and give it nothing but bread and water for a day or two, you'd find it quite an improved character—it would take down its conceit a little, at all events.

The next question is, What is the best time for seeing fairies? I believe I can tell you all about that.

The first rule is, that it must be a *very* hot day—that we may consider as settled; and you must be just a *little* sleepy—but not too sleepy to keep your eyes open, mind. Well, and you ought to feel a little—what one may call "fairyish"—the Scotch call it "eerie," and perhaps that's a prettier word; if you

don't know what it means, I'm afraid I can hardly explain it ; you must wait till you meet a fairy, and then you'll know.

And the last rule is, that the crickets shouldn't be chirping. I can't stop to explain that rule just now—you must take it on trust for the present.

So, if all these things happen together, you've a good chance of seeing a fairy—or at least a much better chance than if they didn't.

The one I'm going to tell you about was a real, naughty little fairy. Properly speaking, there were two of them, and one was naughty and one was good ; but perhaps you would have found that out for yourself.

Now we really *are* going to begin the story.

It was Tuesday afternoon, about half-past three—it's always best to be particular as to dates—and I had wandered down into the wood by the lake, partly because I had nothing to do, and that seemed to be a good place to do it in, and partly (as I said at first) because it was too hot to be comfortable anywhere, except under trees.

The first thing I noticed, as I went lazily along through an open place in the wood, was a large beetle lying struggling on its back, and I went down directly on one knee to help the poor thing on its feet again. In some things, you know, you can't be quite sure what an insect would like : for instance, I never could quite settle, supposing I were a moth, whether I would rather be kept out of the candle, or be allowed to fly straight in and get burnt—or again, supposing I were a spider, I'm not sure if I should be *quite* pleased to have my web torn down, and the fly let loose—but I feel quite certain that, if I were a beetle and had rolled over on my back, I should always be glad to be helped up again.

So, as I was saying, I had gone down on one knee, and was just reaching out a little stick to turn the

beetle over, when I saw a sight that made me draw back hastily and hold my breath, for fear of making any noise and frightening the little creature away.

Not that she looked as if she would be easily frightened : she seemed so good and gentle that I'm sure she would never expect that any one could wish to hurt her. She was only a few inches high, and was dressed in green, so that you really would hardly have noticed her among the long grass ; and she was so delicate and graceful that she quite seemed to belong to the place, almost as if she were one of the flowers. I may tell you, besides, that she had no wings (I don't believe in fairies with wings), and that she had quantities of long brown hair and large earnest brown eyes, and then I shall have done all I can to give you an idea of what she was like.

Sylvie (I found out her name afterwards) had knelt down, just as I was doing, to help the beetle ; but it needed more than a little stick for *her* to get it on its legs again ; it was as much as she could do, with both arms, to roll the heavy thing over ; and all the while she was talking to it, half scolding and half comforting, as a nurse might do with a child that had fallen down.

" There, there ! You needn't cry so much about it ; you're not killed yet—though if you were, you couldn't cry, you know, and so it's a general rule against crying, my dear ! And how did you come to tumble over ? But I can see well enough how it was—I needn't ask you that—walking over sand-pits with your chin in the air, as usual. Of course, if you go among sand-pits like that, you must expect to tumble ; you should look."

The beetle murmured something that sounded like " I *did* look," and Sylvie went on again.

" But I know you didn't ! You never do ! You always walk with your chin up—you're so dreadfully conceited. Well, let's see how many legs are

broken this time. Why, none of them, I declare ! though that's certainly more than you deserve. And what's the good of having six legs, my dear, if you can only kick them all about in the air when you tumble ? Legs are meant to walk with, you know. Now don't be cross about it, and don't begin putting out your wings yet ; I've some more to say. Go down to the frog that lives behind that buttercup—give him my compliments—Sylvie's compliments—can you say ' compliments ' ? ”

The beetle tried and, I suppose, succeeded.

“ Yes, that's right. And tell him he's to give you some of that salve I left with him yesterday. And you'd better get him to rub it in for you ; he's got rather cold hands, but you mustn't mind that.”

I think the beetle must have shuddered at this idea, for Sylvie went on in a graver tone, “ Now you needn't pretend to be so particular as all that, as if you were too grand to be rubbed by a frog. The fact is, you ought to be very much obliged to him. Suppose you could get nobody but a toad to do it, how would you like that ? ”

There was a little pause, and then Sylvie added, “ Now you may go. Be a good beetle, and don't keep your chin in the air.” And then began one of those performances of humming and whizzing and restless banging about, such as a beetle indulges in when it has decided on flying, but hasn't quite made up its mind which way to go. At last, in one of its awkward zigzags, it managed to fly right into my face, and by the time I had recovered from the shock the little fairy was gone.

I looked about in all directions for the little creature, but there was no trace of her—and my “ eerie ” feeling was quite gone off, and the crickets were chirping again merrily—so I knew she was really gone.

And now I've got time to tell you the rule about the crickets. They always leave off chirping when a

fairy goes by—because a fairy's a kind of queen over them, I suppose—at all events it's a much grander thing than a cricket—so whenever you're walking out, and the crickets suddenly leave off chirping, you may be sure that either they see a fairy, or else they're frightened at your coming so near.

I walked on sadly enough, you may be sure. However, I comforted myself with thinking, "It's been a very wonderful afternoon, so far—I'll just go quietly on and look about me, and I shouldn't wonder if I come across another fairy somewhere."

Peering about in this way, I happened to notice a plant with rounded leaves, and with queer little holes cut out in the middle of several of them. "Ah! The leafcutter bee," I carelessly remarked—you know I am very learned in natural history (for instance, I can always tell kittens from chickens at one glance)—and I was passing on, when a sudden thought made me stoop down and examine the leaves more carefully.

Then a little thrill of delight ran through me—for I noticed that the holes were all arranged so as to form letters; there were three leaves side by side, with "B," "R," and "U" marked on them, and after some search I found two more, which contained an "N" and an "O."

By this time the "eerie" feeling had all come back again, and I suddenly observed that no crickets were chirping; so I felt quite sure that "Bruno" was a fairy, and that he was somewhere very near.

And so indeed he was—so near that I had very nearly walked over him without seeing him; which would have been dreadful, always supposing that fairies *can* be walked over—my own belief is that they are something of the nature of will-o'-the-wisps, and there's no walking over *them*.

Think of any pretty little boy you know, rather fat, with rosy cheeks, large dark eyes, and tangled brown hair, and then fancy him made small enough to go

comfortably into a coffee-cup, and you'll have a very fair idea of what the little creature was like.

"What's your name, little fellow?" I began, in as soft a voice as I could manage. And, by the way, that's another of the curious things in life that I never could quite understand—why we always begin by asking little children their names; is it because we fancy there isn't quite enough of them, and a name will help to make them a little bigger? You never thought of asking a real large man his name, now, did you? But, however that may be, I felt it quite necessary to know *his* name; so, as he didn't answer my question, I asked it again a little louder.

"What's your name, my little man?"

"What's yours?" he said, without looking up.

"My name's Lewis Carroll," I said, quite gently, for he was much too small to be angry with for answering so uncivilly.

"Duke of Anything?" he asked, just looking at me for a moment, and then going on with his work.

"Not Duke at all," I said, a little ashamed of having to confess it.

"You're big enough to be two Dukes," said the little creature; "I suppose you're Sir Something, then?"

"No," I said, feeling more and more ashamed. "I haven't got any title."

The fairy seemed to think in that case I really wasn't worth the trouble of talking to, for he quietly went on digging, and tearing the flowers to pieces as fast as he got them out of the ground.

After a few minutes I tried again. "*Please* tell me what your name is."

"B'uno," the little fellow answered, very readily. "Why didn't you say 'please' before?"

"That's something like what we used to be taught in the nursery," I thought to myself, looking back through the long years (about a hundred and fifty of

them) to the time when I used to be a little child myself. And here an idea came into my head, and I asked him, "Aren't you one of the fairies that teach children to be good?"

"Well, we have to do that sometimes," said Bruno, "and a d'eadful bother it is." As he said this, he savagely tore a heartsease in two, and trampled on the pieces.

"What *are* you doing there, Bruno?" I said.

"Spoiling Sylvie's garden," was all the answer Bruno would give at first. But, as he went on tearing up the flowers, he muttered to himself, "The nasty c'oss thing—wouldn't let me go and play this morning, though I wanted to ever so much—said I must finish my lessons first—lessons, indeed!—I'll vex her finely, though!"

"Oh, Bruno, you shouldn't do that!" I cried. "Don't you know that's revenge? And revenge is a wicked, cruel, dangerous thing!"

"River-edge?" said Bruno. "What a funny word! I suppose you call it c'ooel and dangerous because if you went too far and tumbled in, you'd get d'owned."

"No, not river-edge," I explained: "rev-enge" (saying the word very slowly and distinctly). But I couldn't help thinking that Bruno's explanation did very well for either word.

"Oh!" said Bruno, opening his eyes very wide, but without attempting to repeat the word.

"Come! Try and pronounce it, Bruno!" I said cheerfully. "Rev-enge, rev-enge."

But Bruno only tossed his little head, and said he couldn't; that his mouth wasn't the right shape for words of that kind. And the more I laughed, the more sulky the little fellow got about it.

"Well, never mind, little man!" I said. "Shall I help you with the job you've got there?"

"Yes, please," Bruno said, quite pacified. "Only

I wish I could think of something to vex her more than this. You don't know how hard it is to make her angry ! ”

“ Now listen to me, Bruno, and I'll teach you quite a splendid kind of revenge ! ”

“ Something that'll vex her finely ? ” Bruno asked with gleaming eyes.

“ Something that'll vex her finely. First, we'll get up all the weeds in her garden. See, there are a good many at this end—quite hiding the flowers.”

“ But *that* won't vex her,” said Bruno, looking rather puzzled.

“ After that,” I said, without noticing the remark, “ we'll water this highest bed—up here. You see, it's getting quite dry and dusty.”

Bruno looked at me inquisitively, but he said nothing this time.

“ Then after that,” I went on, “ the walks want sweeping a bit ; and I think you might cut down that tall nettle—it's so close to the garden that it's quite in the way——”

“ What *are* you talking about ? ” Bruno impatiently interrupted me. “ All that won't vex her a bit ! ”

“ Won't it ? ” I said innocently. “ Then, after that, suppose we put in some of these coloured pebbles—just to mark the divisions between the different kinds of flowers, you know. That'll have a very pretty effect.”

Bruno turned round and had another good stare at me. At last there came an odd little twinkle in his eyes, and he said, with quite a new meaning in his voice, “ Ve'y well—let's put 'em in rows—all the 'ed together, and all the blue together.”

“ That'll do capitally,” I said ; “ and then—what kind of flowers does Sylvie like best in her garden ? ”

Bruno had to put his thumb in his mouth and consider a little before he could answer. “ Violets,” he said, at last.

"There's a beautiful bed of violets down by the lake——"

"Oh, let's fetch 'em!" cried Bruno, giving a little skip into the air. "Here! Catch hold of my hand, and I'll help you along. The g'ass is rather thick down that way."

I couldn't help laughing at his having so entirely forgotten what a big creature he was talking to. "No, not yet, Bruno," I said; "we must consider what's the right thing to do first. You see we've got quite a business before us."

"Yes, let's consider," said Bruno, putting his thumb into his mouth again, and sitting down upon a dead mouse.

"What do you keep that mouse for?" I said. "You should bury it, or throw it into the lake."

"Why, it's to measure with!" cried Bruno. "How ever would you do a garden without one? We make each bed th'ee mouses and a half long, and two mouses wide."

I stopped him, as he was dragging it off by the tail to show me how it was used, for I was half afraid the "eerie" feeling might go off before we had finished the garden, and in that case I should see no more of him or Sylvie. "I think the best way will be for *you* to weed the beds, while *I* sort out these pebbles, ready to mark the walks with."

"That's it!" cried Bruno. "And I'll tell you about the caterpillars while we work."

"Ah, let's hear about the caterpillars," I said, as I drew the pebbles together into a heap, and began dividing them into colours.

And Bruno went on in a low, rapid tone, more as if he were talking to himself, "Yesterday I saw two little caterpillars, when I was sitting by the brook, just where you go into the wood. They were quite g'een, and they had yellow eyes, and they didn't see *me*. And one of them had got a moth's wing to carry

—a g'eat b'own moth's wing, you know, all d'y, with feathers. So he couldn't want it to eat, I should think—perhaps he meant to make a cloak for the winter?"

"Perhaps," I said, for Bruno had twisted up the last word into a sort of question, and was looking at me for an answer.

One word was quite enough for the little fellow, and he went on merrily, "Well, and so he didn't want the other caterpillar to see the moth's wing, you know—so what must he do but t'y to carry it with all his left legs, and he t'ied to walk on the other set. Of course he toppled over after that."

"After what?" I said, catching at the last word, for, to tell the truth, I hadn't been attending much.

"He toppled over," Bruno repeated, very gravely; "and if *you* ever saw a caterpillar topple over, you'd know it's a serious thing, and not sit g'inning like that—and I shan't tell you any more."

"Indeed and indeed, Bruno, I didn't mean to grin. See, I'm quite grave again now."

But Bruno only folded his arms, and said, "Don't tell *me*. I see a little twinkle in one of your eyes—just like the moon."

"Am *I* like the moon, Bruno?" I asked.

"Your face is large and round like the moon," Bruno answered, looking at me thoughtfully. "It doesn't shine quite so bright, but it's cleaner."

I couldn't help smiling at this. "You know I wash *my* face, Bruno. The moon never does that."

"Oh, doesn't she though!" cried Bruno; and he leant forwards and added in a solemn whisper, "The moon's face gets dirtier and dirtier every night, till it's black all ac'oss. And then, when it's dirty all over—*so*—" (he passed his hand across his own rosy cheeks as he spoke) "then she washes it."

"And then it's all clean again, isn't it?"

"Not all in a moment," said Bruno. "What a

deal of teaching you want ! She washes it little by little—only she begins at the other edge.”

By this time he was sitting quietly on the dead mouse with his arms folded, and the weeding wasn't getting on a bit : so I was obliged to say, “ Work first and pleasure afterwards—no more talking till that bed's finished.”

After that we had a few minutes of silence, while I sorted out the pebbles, and amused myself with watching Bruno's plan of gardening. It was quite a new plan to me ; he always measured each bed before he weeded it, as if he was afraid the weeding would make it shrink ; and once, when it came out longer than he wished, he set to work to thump the mouse with his tiny fist, crying out, “ There now ! It's all 'ong again ! Why don't you keep your tail st'aight when I tell you ! ”

“ I'll tell you what I'll do,” Bruno said in a half-whisper, as we worked ; “ I'll get you an invitation to the king's dinner-party. I know one of the head-waiters.”

I couldn't help laughing at this idea. “ Do the waiters invite the guests ? ” I asked.

“ Oh, not *to sit down* ! ” Bruno hastily replied. “ But to help, you know. You'd like that, wouldn't you ? To hand about plates, and so on.”

“ Well, but that's not so nice as sitting at the table, is it ? ”

“ Of course it isn't,” Bruno said, in a tone as if he rather pitied my ignorance ; “ but if you're not even Sir Anything, you can't expect to be allowed to sit at the table, you know.”

I said, as meekly as I could, that I didn't expect it, but it was the only way of going to a dinner-party that I really enjoyed. And Bruno tossed his head, and said, in a rather offended tone, that I might do as I pleased—there were many he knew that would give their ears to go.

"Have you ever been yourself, Bruno?"

"They invited me once last year," Bruno said, very gravely. "It was to wash up the soup-plates—no, the cheese-plates, I mean—that was g'and enough. But the g'andest thing of all was, I fetched the Duke of Dandelion a glass of cider!"

"That *was* grand!" I said, biting my lip to keep myself from laughing.

"Wasn't it?" said Bruno, very earnestly. "You know it isn't every one that's had such an honour as *that*!"

This set me thinking of the various queer things we call "an honour" in this world, which, after all, haven't a bit more honour in them than what the dear little Bruno enjoyed (by the way, I hope you're beginning to like him a little, naughty as he was?) when he took the Duke of Dandelion a glass of cider.

I don't know how long I might have dreamed on in this way, if Bruno hadn't suddenly roused me. "Oh, come here quick!" he cried, in a state of the wildest excitement. "Catch hold of his other horn! I can't hold him more than a minute!"

He was struggling desperately with a great snail, clinging to one of its horns, and nearly breaking his poor little back in his efforts to drag it over a blade of grass.

I saw we should have no more gardening if I let this sort of thing go on, so I quietly took the snail away, and put it on a bank where he couldn't reach it. "We'll hunt it afterwards, Bruno," I said, "if you really want to catch it. But what's the use of it when you've got it?"

"What's the use of a fox when you've got it?" said Bruno. "I know you big things hunt foxes."

I tried to think of some good reason why "big things" should hunt foxes, and he shouldn't hunt snails, but none came into my head: so I said at last,

"Well, I suppose one's as good as the other. I'll go snail-hunting myself one day."

"I should think you wouldn't be so silly," said Bruno, "as to go snail-hunting all by yourself. Why, you'd never get the snail along, if you hadn't somebody to hold on to his other horn!"

"Of course, I shan't go alone," I said, quite gravely. "By the way, is that the best kind of hunt, or do you recommend the ones without shells?"

"Oh no, we never hunt the ones without shells," Bruno said, with a little shudder at the thought of it. "They're always so c'oss about it; and then, if you tumble over them, they're ever so sticky!"

By this time we had nearly finished the garden. I had fetched some violets, and Bruno was just helping me to put in the last, when he suddenly stopped and said, "I'm tired."

"Rest then," I said: "I can go on without you."

Bruno needed no second invitation: he at once began arranging the dead mouse as a kind of sofa. "And I'll sing you a little song," he said as he rolled it about.

"Do," said I: "there's nothing I should like better."

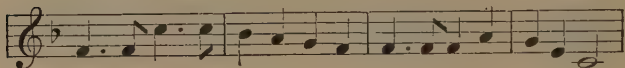
"Which song will you choose?" Bruno said, as he dragged the mouse into a place where he could get a good view of me. "'Ting, ting, ting!' is the nicest."

There was no resisting such a strong hint as this: however, I pretended to think about it for a moment, and then said, "Well, I like 'Ting, ting, ting!' best of all."

"That shows you're a good judge of music," Bruno said, with a pleased look. "How many blue-bells would you like?" And he put his thumb into his mouth to help me to consider.

As there was only one blue-bell within easy reach, I said very gravely that I thought one would do *this* time, and I picked it and gave it to him. Bruno ran

his hand once or twice up and down the flowers, like a musician trying an instrument, producing a most delicious delicate tinkling as he did so. I had never heard flower-music before—I don't think one can, unless one's in the "eerie" state—and I don't know quite how to give you an idea of what it was like, except by saying that it sounded like a peal of bells a thousand miles off. When he had satisfied himself that the flowers were in tune, he seated himself on the dead mouse (he never seemed really comfortable anywhere else), and, looking up at me with a merry twinkle in his eyes, he began. By the way, the tune was rather a curious one, and you might like to try it for yourself, so here are the notes :—



“ Rise, oh, rise ! The daylight dies :  
 The owls are hooting, ting, ting, ting !  
 Wake, oh, wake ! Beside the lake  
 The elves are fluting, ting, ting, ting !  
 Welcoming our fairy king  
 We sing, sing, sing.”

He sang the first four lines briskly and merrily, making the blue-bells chime in time with the music ; but the last two he sang quite slowly and gently, and merely waved the flowers backwards and forwards

above his head. And when he had finished the first verse, he left off to explain, "The name of our fairy king is Obberwon" (he meant "Oberon," I believe), "and he lives over the lake—*there*—and now and then he comes in a little boat—and then we go and meet him—and then we sing this song, you know."

"And then you go and dine with him?" I said mischievously.

"You shouldn't talk," Bruno hastily said: "it interrupts the song so."

I said I wouldn't do it again.

"I never talk myself when I'm singing," he went on, very gravely; "so you shouldn't either." Then he tuned the blue-bells once more, and sang:—

"Hear, oh, hear! From far and near  
A music stealing, ting, ting, ting!  
Fairy bells adown the dells  
Are merrily pealing, ting, ting, ting!  
Welcoming our fairy king  
We ring, ring, ring.

"See, oh, see! On every tree  
What lamps are shining, ting, ting, ting!  
They are eyes of fiery flies  
To light our dining, ting, ting, ting!  
Welcoming our fairy king  
They swing, swing, swing.

"Haste, oh, haste! to take and taste  
The dainties waiting, ting, ting, ting!  
Honey-dew is stored——"

"Hush, Bruno!" I interrupted, in a warning whisper. "She's coming!"

Bruno checked his song only just in time for Sylvie not to hear him, and then, catching sight of her as she slowly made her way through the long grass, he suddenly rushed out headlong at her like a little bull, shouting, "Look the other way! Look the other way!"

"Which way?" Sylvie asked, in rather a frightened tone, as she looked round in all directions to see where the danger could be.

"*That way!*" said Bruno, carefully turning her round with her face to the wood. "Now, walk backwards—walk gently—don't be frightened: you shan't t'ip!"

But Sylvie did "t'ip" notwithstanding: in fact he led her, in his hurry, across so many little sticks and stones, that it was really a wonder the poor child could keep on her feet at all. But he was far too much excited to think of what he was doing.

I silently pointed out to Bruno the best place to lead her to, so as to get a view of the whole garden at once: it was a little rising ground, about the height of a potato; and, when they had mounted it, I drew back into the shade, that Sylvie mightn't see me.

I heard Bruno cry out triumphantly, "*Now you may look!*" and then followed a great clapping of hands, but it was all done by Bruno himself. Sylvie was quite silent—she only stood and gazed with her hands clasped tightly together, and I was half afraid she didn't like it after all.

Bruno, too, was watching her anxiously, and when she jumped down off the mound, and began wandering up and down the little walks, he cautiously followed her about, evidently anxious that she should form her own opinion of it all, without any hint from him. And when at last she drew a long breath, and gave her verdict—in a hurried whisper, and without the slightest regard to grammar—"It's the loveliest thing as I never saw in all my life before!" the little fellow looked as well pleased as if it had been given by all the judges and juries in England put together.

"And did you really do it all by yourself, Bruno?" said Sylvie. "And all for me?"

"I was helped a bit," Bruno began, with a merry little laugh at her surprise. "We've been at it all the

afternoon—I thought you'd like—" and here the poor little fellow's lip began to quiver, and all in a moment he burst out crying, and running up to Sylvie he flung his arms passionately round her neck, and hid his face on her shoulder.

There was a little quiver in Sylvie's voice too, as she whispered, "Why, what's the matter, darling?" and tried to lift up his head and kiss him.

But Bruno only clung to her, sobbing, and wouldn't be comforted till he had confessed all. "I tried—to spoil your garden—first—but—I'll never—never—" and then came another burst of tears, which drowned the rest of the sentence. At last he got out the words, "I liked—putting in the flowers—for *you*, Sylvie—and I never was so happy before—" and the rosy little face came up at last to be kissed, all wet with tears as it was.

Sylvie was crying too by this time, and she said nothing but "Bruno dear!" and "*I* never was so happy before—" though why two children who had never been so happy before should both be crying was a great mystery to me.

*I* felt very happy too, but of course I didn't cry: "big things" never do, you know—we leave all that to the fairies. Only I think it must have been raining a little just then, for I found a drop or two on my cheeks.

After that they went through the whole garden again, flower by flower, as if it were a long sentence they were spelling out, with kisses for commas, and a great hug by way of a full-stop when they got to the end.

"Do you know that was my river-edge, Sylvie?" Bruno began, looking solemnly at her.

Sylvie laughed merrily. "What *do* you mean?" she said; and she pushed back her heavy brown hair with both hands, and looked at him with dancing eyes in which the big tear-drops were still glittering.

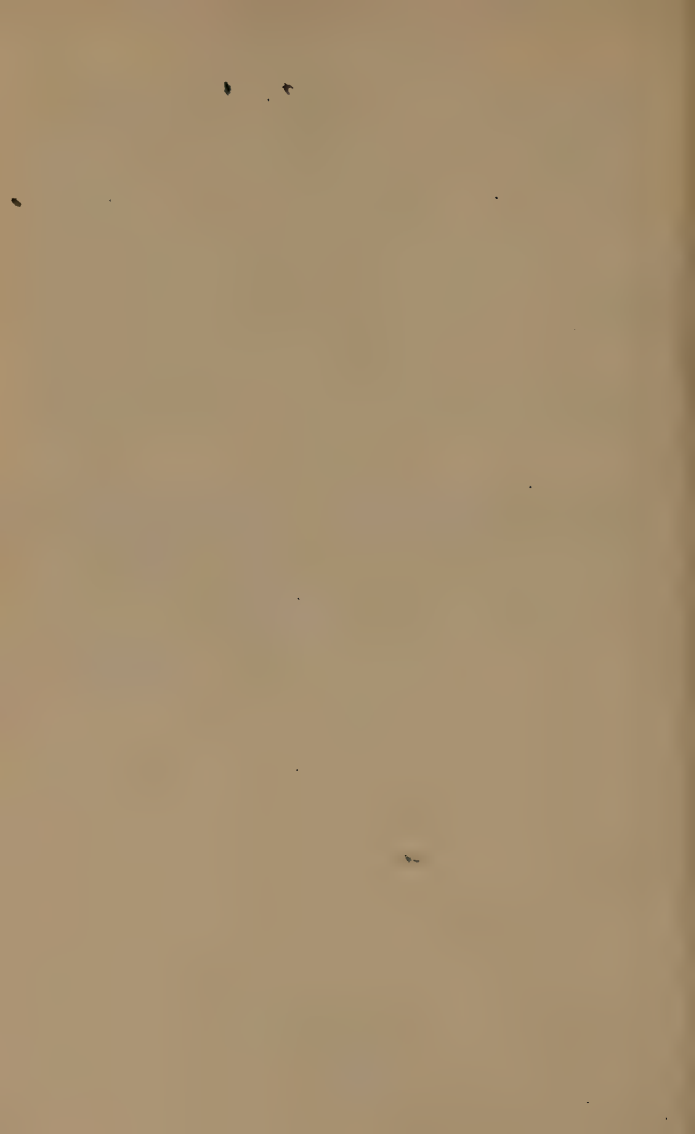
Bruno drew in a long breath, and made up his mouth for a great effort. "I mean rev-enge," he said: "now you under'tand." And he looked so happy and proud at having said the word right at last, that I quite envied him. I rather think Sylvie didn't "under'tand" at all; but she gave him a little kiss on each cheek, which seemed to do just as well.

So they wandered off lovingly together, in among the buttercups, each with an arm twined round the other, whispering and laughing as they went, and never so much as once looked back at poor me. Yes, once, just before I quite lost sight of them, Bruno half turned his head, and nodded me a saucy little good-bye over one shoulder. And that was all the thanks I got for *my* trouble.

I know you're sorry the story's come to an end—aren't you?—so I'll just tell you one thing more. The very last thing I saw of them was this—Sylvie was stooping down with her arms round Bruno's neck, and saying coaxingly in his ear, "Do you know, Bruno, I've quite forgotten that hard word—do say it once more. Come! Only this once, dear!"

But Bruno wouldn't try it again.

# THE WRITER OF THE STORIES



## THE WRITER OF THE STORIES

HIS real name was Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, and he lived at the Oxford college known as Christ Church, or, as Oxford men call it, "the House." He was a very clever man at mathematics, which accounts for his knowledge of the "different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision"; but in his spare time he told or wrote stories for children just because he loved them all, and particularly little girls. On July 4, 1862, he writes:—

"I made an expedition up the river to Godstow with the three Liddells; we had tea on the bank there, and did not reach Christ Church till half-past eight."

One of the "three Liddells," whose Christian name was Alice, has given an account of what happened at that picnic.

"Most of Mr. Dodgson's stories were told to us on river expeditions to Nuneham or Godstow, near Oxford. My eldest sister was 'Prima,' I was 'Secunda,' and 'Tertia' was my sister Edith. I believe the beginning of *Alice* was told one summer afternoon when the sun was so burning that we had landed in the meadows down the river, deserting the boat to take refuge in the only bit of shade to be found, which was under a new-made hayrick. Here from all three came the old petition of 'Tell us a story,' and so began the ever-delightful tale. Sometimes to tease us—and perhaps being really tired—Mr. Dodgson would stop suddenly and say, 'And that's all till next time.' 'Ah, but it is next time,' would be the exclamation from all three; and, after some persuasion, the story would start afresh. Another day, perhaps, the story

would begin in the boat, and Mr. Dodgson, in the middle of telling a thrilling adventure, would pretend to go fast asleep, to our great dismay."

So that was how the tale of Wonderland began. Alice Liddell asked the story-teller to write it down, and he did so, and then a friend named Mr. George Macdonald, who wrote stories for children himself,\* persuaded him to make a book of it. At first it was called *Alice's Adventures Underground*, then he called it *Alice's Hour in Elfland*, and finally decided to call it *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. The first presentation copy was sent to Alice Liddell, and the second to Princess Beatrice, one of the daughters of Queen Victoria. Three years later he published the story called *Bruno's Revenge*, which is also printed in this book. He said he did not like little boys, but this was probably only his fun, for he often told stories to boys and invented puzzles for them.

You will not be surprised to hear that Lewis Carroll was a delightful letter-writer. Take, for example, the following portion of a letter written to Isa Bowman, who took the part of Alice when the famous story was made into an operetta.

"MY OWN DARLING,

"It's all very well for you and Nellie and Emsie to write of millions of hugs and kisses, but please consider the *time* it would occupy your poor old busy Uncle! Try hugging and kissing Emsie for a minute by the watch, and I don't think you'll manage it more than twenty times a minute. 'Millions' must mean 2 millions at least.

20) 2,000,000 hugs and kisses

60) 100,000 minutes

12) 1,666 hours

6) 138 days (at twelve hours a day)


23 weeks.











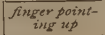



---

\* Including *At the Back of the North Wind*, *Phantastes*, etc.

"I couldn't go on hugging and kissing more than 12 hours a day: and I wouldn't like to spend Sundays that way. So you see it would take 23 weeks of hard work. Really, my dear child, *I cannot spare the time.*"

Some of his letters he turned into puzzles, making a little drawing here and there to stand for a word. The following example will show you how the thing was done, and you can easily make the drawings. You will, of course, at once find a mistake, which may be forgiven because we are not doing an English lesson.

"My  May,

"Though  don't give birthday presents, still  will write a birthday .  came 2 your  2 wish U many happy returns of the day,  the  met me  took me for a ,  hunted me  and  till  could hardly .

This forms quite a good game. Write out a simple letter, and then try to replace as many words as you can by little drawings. How would you deal with "My dear—est May"? The above letter might have had a smiling face in place of "happy," and perhaps a horseman chasing a fox in place of "hunted," and so on. Lewis Carroll was very fond of puzzles, some of them very difficult mathematical ones with which we are not concerned here; but we must not forget that this friend of little children and writer of fairy stories was mathematical tutor at Christ Church for many years. But children like better to think of him writing things like this:—

“**M**aidens, if a maid you meet  
**A**lways free from pout and fret,  
**R**eady smile and temper sweet,  
**G**reet my little Margaret.  
**A**nd if loved by all she be  
**R**ightly, not a pampered pet,  
**E**asily you then may see  
**'T**is my little Margaret.”

Of course you will go on to read *Through the Looking-Glass and what Alice Found There*, and *Sylvie and Bruno*, which is a later form of our *Bruno's Revenge*, as well as *The Hunting of the Snark—An Agony in Eight Fits*; for these were all written by Lewis Carroll.

THE END

TALES FROM  
Hans Christian Andersen  
and  
The Brothers Grimm

---

240 pages. Illustrated.

With Frontispiece Portrait of Andersen

---

¶ This Volume is intended for service in comparative literary training, which is becoming more and more popular in the schools.

¶ The *Fairy Tales* by Andersen included in this Volume are: The Snow Queen; The Princess and the Pea; The Steadfast Tin Soldier; The Little Mermaid; What the Moon Saw; The Red Shoes; The Ugly Duckling; The Tinder-Box; The Fir-Tree; The Girl who Trod on the Loaf; and The Travelling Companion.

¶ The *Folk Tales* of the Brothers Grimm are: Hans in Luck; The Travelling Musicians; The Fisherman and his Wife; Rapunzel; Frederick and Catherine; Chanticleer and Partlet; The Elves and the Shoemaker; The King of the Golden Mountain; The Straw, the Coal, and the Bean; Rumpel-Stilts-Kin; The Goose-Girl; Mother Holle; Cat-Skin; The Mouse, the Bird, and the Sausage; and Snow-Drop.

¶ The Epilogue (17 pages) contains Biographical Notes on Andersen and the Grimms, and detailed Exercises on each story designed to help in the study of construction and to draw out the humanistic ideas of the tales, as well as to compare original fairy stories with genuine folk-tales. Matthew Arnold's *Forsaken Merman* is printed in full in connection with Andersen's *Little Mermaid*.

¶ The Illustrations, by Honor C. Appleton and others, are particularly charming, and of real value in the training of the imagination.

---

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT  
THE PRESS OF THE PUBLISHERS







